

Vol. IV.

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No. 198.

FEEDING THE SPARROWS.

BY ALLAN DEANE.

Each morn when smiling comes the sun, Or somber clouds brood chill and low, Full laden with a weight of snow The earth shall bear ere day is done;

When leafless stretch the copee and wold, And high upon the lonesome hills The keen winds blow with sound that thrills-The year's loud anthem grandly rolled;

Rach morn, by tender instinct sped, In troops that, cheery, chirp and soar, I see about my cottage door The sparrows waiting to be fed.

A merry brown throat feathered crew, Sagacious spite their rogulsh eyes, Wise with a scanse that underlies The witless deeds they seem to do. Replete with trust that never falls
Though hunger pinch and nests be cold,
As glad a song though Winter fold
In May's sweet place the winding vales.

Here, pets!" The lithe wings flash and whir;
The tawny bills are opened wide;
And scattering crumbs from side to side,
I watch the pleasant happy stir,

And ponder well Faith's lessons taught, Disdaining not their worth to take, Rémembering 'tis by such we make Life's rugged road with beauty fraught.

Time's trials better understood,
The while all work day cark and care
Grows into blessing when, with prayer,
Love-prompted, we marmar: "God is good!"

Gentleman George:

PARLOR, PRISON, STAGE AND STREET.

A STRANGE ROMANGE OF NEW YORK LIFE. BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "THE-MAN-PROM-TEXAS," "MAD DETECTIVE,"

"BOOKY MOUNTAIN ROB," "WOLF DEMON," "OVERLAND KIT," "RED MAZEPPA," "AGE OF
SPADES," "HEART OF FIRE," "ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

BILLY'S STORY. THE girl looked at Billy in astonishment. "Why, what do you suppose the police want to know about either Hero or her husband?"

she asked.
"How should I know?" replied Billy, eva-

"But what did the policeman say?" "Oh, not much. I met him about five o'clock this afternoon. I sold out pretty soon to-day, and I was jes' putting the horse up when the captain came by, and he jes' asked how things were working, and leaned up ag'in' an awning-post, jes' careless-like. Well, I told him that times were pretty middlin'; then he up an' axed me if I was keepin' company with

And what did you say?" "I jes' told him that I hung out round here sometimes, an' then he said—jes' careless-like you know, as if it wasn't any account to himdidn't a sister of yours get married some time ago. Now, you see, Arty, this jes' opened my eyes, 'cos I've seen the captain afore, an' I knew when he commenced to talk 'bout your knew when he commenced to talk 'bout your to the 'Island' half a dozen times. Was up to the 'Island' half a dozen times. Was the to Sing Sing once, for five years, but I jes' answered, as innocent as a young porgy a-playin' on the Jersey flats, that you did have a sister, an' that she did get married, some time

ago."
"And what did he say then?" asked the girl,

deeply interested.
"Well, he looked up at the sky an' axed me if I thought that it was going to rain, and if weak-fish had commenced to run yet. I never let on, you know, an' answered jes' as nice as if I didn't know what he was arter. Then he said that I had a good horse, an' then axed what was the name of your sister's husband. I told him Dominica, an' he 'peared to think for a moment an' 'lowed that he thought he him? knew a man by that name, and wondered if it was the same one. In course I went on unharnessin' the hoss, an' kept as still as a mouse. Then the captain sed that he really believed 'twas the same man, an' axed me if I had ever see'd him. I told him I never did. Then he talked a little while 'bout what the chances for the next 'lection; how the ward would go, etc., and then come plump to the p'int, an' axed me if your sister an' her husband were living round bout here, or if I had seen

'em lately. I told him that I hadn't "Did he ask any more questions? I told him that I hadn't.' "Nothin' to speak of; he talked five or ten minutes more, maybe, but sed nothin' par-ticular," Billy replied. "Then he walked off up the street, an' I see'd a little man in dark clothes jine him."

"Did you know the little man, Billy?" "I bet yer!" he replied, emphatically; "it was one of the detectives from the Central Office. I tell you, Arty, if Hero and her husband are round there's trouble ahead fur 'em The girl remained silent for a few moments,

evidently in deep thought; then suddenly spoke:
"I'm afraid there is something the matter, for my sister was at the house to-night, just after dark, and she looked real sad and care-

worn "Did she say any thin' 'bout her husband?" "Nothing particular. I asked her where she lived now, but she said that I mustn't ask

questions, and I knew, of course, that she had some reason for not telling. What does Dominick do for a living, any-

way?" asked Billy, suddenly.
"I don't knew exactly," the girl replied. "I believe that he travels, and sells goods by samples, or something of that kind."
"You know Mickey Shea, don't you, Arty?"
Billy asked, after pondering over the matter for a few moments

Yes," replied the girl, wondering at the

"Do you know how he gets his livin'?"
"Well, I have heard people say that he isn't any better than he ought to be."



"Why, what do you suppose the police want to know about either Hero or her husband?" she asked.

sent up to Sing Sing once, for five years, but he's a big man in the ward 'round 'lection time, in' his gang got him pardoned out. Then they had him up once fur stabbing a man down in South street, an' how he ever got out of that I don't know. I reckon, though, it was political influence that fixed the job. Mebbe they pigeonnoled the indictment.

What's that, Billy?" "Why, suspended the case an' let him go on straw bail; put the papers in a pigeon-hole; so, you see, if he don't work jes' right 'bout 'lection time they kin take the papers out an' put him through," Billy explained.

But why did you want to know if I knew "'Cos I heard him mention George Dominick's name, the other night, in a liquor saloon up the street. The place is kind of a crib where the snoozers hang out. You see, I met my old boss, an' we went in to take a smile An' while we were h'istin' our p'ison I heered this Mickey Shea, who was talkin' in a corner with another rounder, say somethin' 'bout George Dominick. In course I couldn't make out what they were a talkin' about. I only heered the name. But I kin tell you one thing

Mickey Shea's, he ain't the kind of man fur your sister to tie to." "I'm afraid that Hero ain't very happy," the girl said, slowly; "she don't look well at all; she's real thin, and I never saw her so pale and

Arty, if your sister's husband is any friend of

careworn before."

"Well, I hope that her old man hain't got into any trouble, but I'm afeard that he has,"
Billy remarked. "I don't believe the captain would take the trouble to pump me about him

if there wasn't somethin' up. "She is living round here, somewhere,' Arty said, suddenly, "though she didn't say where she lived. I am pretty sure that it ain't fur off. Do you s'pose that anybody saw her when she came to see us to-day? any of the police, I mean ?"

Billy gave a low and prolonged whistle. It was evident that he felt uneasy in his mind. "Well, Arty, I don't want to discourage you, but I'm a leetle afeard that they are close on her track," he replied. "Seeing the detective with Captain Murphy looks kinder suspicious."

"What do you suppose that they are after Mr. Dominick for?" Arty asked, with a shudder. "Didn't you read 'bout that fight on the river, the other night, between the Harbor Police and a party of river-thieves, when one of the officers was shot?"

Yes, I read it.' "Well, do you know it struck me when I read 'bout that fuss that Mickey Shea an' his gang had somethin' to do with it," Billy went on to explain. "You see, Arty, I used to go 'round with the boys a good deal in the old passed clean through, but from the way it pains

Arty," time, an' I knew a heap 'bout these river-rats, as they call themselves. This Mickey tried one night to rope me in to go with 'em, an' I jes' told him what I thought of him an' his crowd in pretty plain words; then he got mad an' picked a muss with me, an' it took me 'bout two minutes to warm him so that his own mammy wouldn't have known him; an' he had his crowd with him, too, but there was five or six of the Fulton Market fellows round, an' they jes' see'd that I had a fair show. Mickey threatened to lay me out, but he knows that I can flax him an' any two of his gang all put together if I only have half a chance.

"Do you suppose that my sister's husband had any thing to do with shooting that officer?" asked the girl, anxiously.

In course I don't know any thing 'bout it," Billy replied, with a shake of the head. "But, the captain tried to pump me to-day about Dominick, an' I remember hearin' Mickey speak 'bout him, it jes' struck me that mebbe he had somethin' to do with that affair.

"If the police were on the watch, perhaps they followed Hero from the house to-day?" "That's what I'm afeard of," Billy observed, thoughtfully. Then up the street with uncertain steps came

a fat, elderly man, gray-haired and heavily It was the venerable Christopher Walebone. He beheld the couple seated upon the coal-box and straightened himself up in righteous

> CHAPTER X TIMELY AID.

THE woman proceeded onward with rapid steps and the Doctor followed clese behind.

She entered the door of a large tenement house, situated on Market street, turned her head as if for the purpose of seeing that the man whom she was conducting was at hand. and then, satisfied that he was following closely behind, proceeded up-stairs.

The Doctor followed silently; the rustle of the woman's dress was his guide through the

At a door on the upper landing his conduc-"This is the place," she said, opening the door and entering the room.

The Doctor followed, and at a single glance noted the scanty furniture of the apartment, and the sick man extended upon the bed. "I will be back soon," and turning round the Doctor observed that the woman had left

the apartment, closing the door behind her. He understood at once that it was her purpose to leave him alone with the sick man, and advanced to the bedside. tion. "You are a doctor?"
"Yes." Gentleman George nodded his head in salutation.

me I have come to the conclusion that the lead is still in the shoulder."
Silently the Doctor examined the wound then he took out a little case of instruments from his pocket, opened it and selected a

A cry of pain came from the lips of the wounded man, despite his Indian-like hardi god, as the instrument was inserted in search 'The wound is inflamed," the Doctor said

"it is lucky that you called in medical aid; ten hours more and it would have been too late. It is not dangerous, with proper care."

Then another groun of pain, and the Doctor

held up the little conical piece of lead between his thumb and forefinger. 'There it is, you see.

A long-drawn breath of relief came from George's lips. "That's a weight off my mind," he muttered. I was beginning to fear that I should lose the

"As I have said, if it had not been attended to within ten hours, it would not only have cost you your arm, but in all probability your life." The Doctor spoke gravely.

"A narrow squeeze, eh?" Dominick exclaim-

ed, with a light laugh. Yes: and even now you must be careful and not take cold; the wound is very much in-

"That comes from neglecting to take care of it," the wounded man confessed; "but I had no idea I was so badly hurt. How much do I

owe you, Doctor?"
"Nothing," replied the stranger, wiping the instruments off carefully and returning them to the box.

"Nothing?" exclaimed Dominick, in astonishment. 'That is correct," said the stranger, quietly.

"I am not a regular doctor, and do not practice for a living, but I am always glad to place my professional skill at the service of any one who "Men like yourself are rare in this world,"

Dominick remarked, thoughtfully.
"Is that true?" queried the stranger, smiling

as he spoke. "And now let me tell you what you must do to complete your cure," he continued. "Apply some cooling dressing to the shoulder, and remain in absolute quiet until the wound closes; that should be within a week at

"I'll have it attended to the moment my wife The Doctor turned toward the door, and the nvalid watched him with a nervous face.
"Oh Doctor!" Dominick said, suddenly.

"Well?" and the stranger turned toward the "If I might ask another favor of you-"

"Certainly; what is it?"
"If you will keep your visit here a secret—"Of course," the visitor answered. "You Your wife requested that, and I willingly gave her

the promise.'

"There are sometimes reasons for things which a man can not explain. "Oh, yes, I understand that," the surgeon remarked, in an absent sort of way, as he took a long look at the man stretched upon the bed.

Dominick observed the glance, and wondered Then the Doctor turned again and advanced to the door; but, with his hand upon the knob, again he hesitated, and turning, faced the sick man. From the expression upon his face it was evident that he wanted to speak, but hesi-

tated to do so. There was a slight pause, during which Dominick surveyed the man, curiosity strongly writ

ten on his face.

"I beg your pardon," the visitor said, abruptly, "but your face is very familiar to me, and yet I can not remember that I have ever met you before."

George was somewhat astonished, for he was sure that he had never seen the stranger before. He therefore shook his head. "You do not remember to have ever met me

"You do not remember to have ever met me before?" the Doctor remarked.

"No; in fact I am almost certain that we never met until you came into this room tonight," was Dominick's confident answer.

"It is very strange indeed," the visitor said, in a dreamy sort of way. "I could have sworn that I had met you before—not recently, but a long time ago."

Again Dominick shook his head. "I am certain we never met before. I have a most excellent memory for faces, and I should not

be likely to forget one as strongly marked as your own. "Have you any objections to tell me your name?" the Doctor asked, suddenly. Dominick thought over the question for a

"I don't know why I should have any objections," he at length answered. "I am sure that you would not use the knowledge to my disad-

vantage. "I give you my word as to that," the other said, quickly. "I only wish to know to satisfy myself upon a certain point, and I freely promise to forget your name the moment the door

mise to forget your name the moment the door of this room closes behind me."

"That is fair enough," Dominick continued; "and as you have favored me I will try and oblige you. My name is George Dominick."

The Doctor shook his head; it was plain that he was disappointed; then he asked:

"You were born in this city?"

" Yes."

" Are your parents living?"

" No, both dead. My mother died when I was only an infant—I do not remember her at all—and my father some four years ago."

"It is a most singular circumstance," the

visitor said, reflectively; "your face reminds me of a woman whom I once knew, and yet you do not in any particular feature resemble her at all. That is strange."

"Yes; her eyes were brown, while yours are blue; her hair dark also, and yet, the very moment I beheld your face, you put me in mind of her." What was the name of the woman?" de-

manded Dominick. The question was but an idle one, and he himself if questioned could not have explained why he asked it.

Lina Aton." "A strange name," Dominick remarked. "I do not think that I ever heard it before

"Yes, it is strange; well, good-night, and I hope that you will speedily recover." The Doctor passed out of the door into the darkness of the entry.

CHAPTER XL

HUNTED DOWN

As the Doctor advanced along the narrow dark entry toward the head of the stairs, he became conscious that some one was in the assage-way; he could hear the quick breathing, and then the rustle of a woman's dress fell upon his ear. He guessed at once that it was the wife of his patient, so he paused, and the woman came up to him. "Well, Doctor, she inquired, anxiously, "is there any danger?"

"Not the slightest unless he takes cold. I have extracted the ball.'

I am so thankful!" with a sigh of relief. Here is five dollars, Doctor; is that enough?" As she spoke, the woman endeavored to the bill into his hand, but he gently repulsed

her.
"I do not require any pay, madam," he said, firmly, but kindly. "I am not a regular practitioner; only an amateur. It would be downtitioner; to take pay for the slight service

She did not attempt to force the money upon him, realizing that the effort would be fruit-

"You are very kind, indeed, sir," she said, in a voice full of gratitude; "and I trust you will not feel hurt if I request that you will not mention your visit here to any one."
"Certainly not, madam!" he replied, grave-"Rest assured I will keep it a profound se-

cret; and if you should have any further need of advice, do not hesitate to call upon me. shall be most happy to oblige you."
"Thank you, sir; I shall not forget your kindness, although I may never have the op-

portunity to repay you for it. Good-night,

She passed swiftly along the entry, and entered the room wherein the wounded man lay, while the Doctor proceeded down-stairs, his mind busy in deep reflection.

"It is very singular," he muttered, as he descended the narrow stairs; "but the very moment my eyes fell upon the face of this man, Lina's image rose before me; and yet there is not a single individual feature in his face that resembles her. It is only in the general expression. If she had married a man of the German type, large, blonde—a very fair-haired Saxon—the child of that union would have

The girl, Molly Bawn, concealed in a neighboring door-way, was eagerly awaiting him.
"Oh, Mister! come here, quick!" she exclaimed, mysteriously, as he came from the door of the tenement-house, and she stuck close to the place of concealment as she spoke. "What's the matter, Molly?" he demanded,

advancing toward her.
"The cops! Come into the doorway, quick!" she cried, with fiery energy; and as she spoke, she reached out her little hand, as if to pull him into the darkness of the doorway. What of them?" he inquired, taking a posi-

tion by her side. They're arter somebody, and I thought maybe that it was you," his little companion

explained.

"How do you know that they are after some-

body?" "Why, I see'd 'em!" was the confident reply. When ?"

" Just arter you went inter that old barracks with that woman. Two of 'em came down the street, an' they had a talk right in front of here, an' I know'd 'em, Que of 'em was Cap'n Murphy, and the other a p'liceman on this beat; an' then're arter somebody in that house—the one you went into, an' I thought maybe that it

"I guess they are not after me," the Doctor remarked; but as he spoke, the thought came to him that he could easily tell who the officers

of justice were after if they sought some one in the tenement-house which he had just quitted. Then the idea occurred to him to warn the parties of whom he guessed the officers were in

"You are sure, Molly, that the police are after some one in that house?" he said. I bet you!" replied the girl, emphatically. "I heered Cap. Murphy say so when he passed by here. He p'inted right to that old barracks and sed, 'He's in the upper front room,' an' then I didn't hear no more.

"It is Dominick, then!" The quick ears of the girl caught the mutter-

"Did you say Dominick?" she exclaimed, impulsively; "an' is it him they're arter an' not you?" "They are not after me, that's a sure thing,"

he replied. "I bet you I'm glad!" cried Molly

"You know Dominick?" "Yes, when I see him"

"He's in an upper front room in that house and sick; I'm afraid that it is he the police are

"Why, what has he done?" Molly asked, in

"I don't know that; but, Molly, I think we ought to let him know the officers are after

"That's so !" she exclaimed. "S'pose I run up stairs an' tell 'em that old Murphy is arter

Just what I was going to suggest," the Doctor said. "Do you think you can find the room? It's on the upper floor, front."
"I know the one, I guess! I see'd a light in

it as I was comin' down the street."
"Just knock at the door and tell Mrs. Dominick what you heard; say that I sent you; say the Doctor—they'll understand who you

"I'll do it up first-rate!" cried Molly, stepping down to the sidewalk, but then in a second she hopped back to her hiding-place

again. "It's too late!" she cried. "There's the peelers on the other side of the street now."

The girl's sharn eyes had detected the truth On the opposite side of the street, approaching with measured steps, were five men; four of them were the blue uniform of the Metropolitan Police, while the fifth was clad in plain clothes. These all crossed the street and halt-ed in front of the tenement-house. That big man is old Murphy," the girl

said, in a whisper. From their concealment the Doctor and Molly commanded a view of the squad, and were also near enough to hear their conver-

"I suppose that we might as well go for him, right away," the police captain said, ad-dressing the gentleman in dark clothes, who was one of the detectives from "Head-quar-

'Yes; he's up-stairs, safe enough. I track ed his wife from her father's place here, this evening, and I found out from one of the people in the house that there was a young man with blonde hair and mustache lived with his

wife in the front apartments, on the upper floor. It's our bird, fast enough." "Do you suppose that he will offer any resistance?" Murphy asked.
"I think not," the detective replied. "If

Mickey Shea spoke truth, he's pretty badly hurt." You and I had better go up together; that

will be enough," the police captain said.
"Just so," and into the tenement-house went the officers, leaving the three "Metro-politans" on guard at the door. (To be continued—Commenced in No. 196.)

NADIA,

THE RUSSIAN SPY;

The Brothers of the Starry Cross.

BY CAPT. FREDERICK WHITTAKER, AUTHOR OF "THE RED RAJAH," "THE REA CAT,"
ROCK RIDER," "DOUBLE-DEATH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BOMBARDMENT. WHEN Sandy and the Zouave reached the open air a terrible racket was going on. the Russian batteries, from one end of the lines to the other, were thundering away in a general bombardment, and the allied gunners,

not to be outdone, were answering vigorously.

A great white pall of smoke covered the trenches through which the humming whir-r-r of round shot was heard, mingled with the chu! chu! chu! chu! bom!!! of the then novel rifle-shells, in our days so common.

Drums, bugles, fifes and bagpipes were all calling to arms along the trenches in quick, imperative tones; for such a sudden bombard-ment was regarded as the sure prelude to a sally of the besieged; and the besiegers were notoriously weak in numbers at that time.

"Good-by, Peesho," said the Scot, hastily.

"I'll tell ye all, some ither time. We maun baith be ganging."

The Zouave wrung his comrade's hand, and hurriedly put on his belts to repair to the as-sembly, while Sandy, as hurriedly, ran to the edge of the ravine, and plunged headlong down edge of the ravine, and plunged headlong down haunches, and the animal cowered down, the steep descent, unmindful of the hot fire looking the embodiment of vice, ready to kick prevailing.

It felt like a stunning blow, but Sandy had been knocked over in the same manner before, and he scrambled up in a hurry, picked up his

in considerable hurry.
It was well he did so, for a second shot lighted on the very spot where he had fallen, and buried itself in the earth with a loud blum an

cap and commenced the climb to his quarters

Up the steep ascent the brawny Scot toiled, burg could have performed.

Scaping the fearful cannonade by one of those Then the old prince gathered up his reins escaping the fearful cannonade by one of those apparent miracles of which a soldier's life is so full; and, ten minutes after, was at the top of the further bank, and in sight of his own camp.

that the regiment was already on the colorline, behind the batteries, faintly discernible
in the smoke, which was driving back over
them.

"Eh, mon, but it's a sair disgrace to ye,"

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"Eh, mon, but

maun rin like a roebuck to mak' up for this,

And run he did, with all his tough Highland sinews at full stretch; dashed into the great bell-tent, empty of all but his own accounterments; wrestled into them with desperate speed, and went off at the double-quick to join his brother pipers at the right of the regiment.

He found the Black Watch behind the bat-teries, standing in their ranks, resting on their ordered arms, with the peculiar grim, iron silence characteristic of their famous corps. Not a head moved; the officers stood before their mpanies, leaning on their swords; the grim old colonel sat on his horse in front of the cener; the whole regiment might have been ight a row of statues, but for the flutter of plaid and bonnet plume in the fitful breeze. Sandy's arrival among the pipers was only

greeted by a stern frown from the piper-major, who muttered, wrathfully: Twa days' pay for that, Piper McPherson. Did na ye hear the gathering, ye deef loon; or were ye awa' efter some randy quean at the

canteen, that ye're sac late?" "I hoomly beg pairdon, meejor," said Sandy, submissively. "I was awa' wi' thae Frenchers, sir, and a twal-p'und shot sot me on my hunkies wi' the whustle o' 't, crassing the glen.

I hope ye'll excuse me, meejor."
"De'il an excuse," said the piper-major, sourly-like all the British non-commissioned officers, he was as important in his department as the colonel himself—" I'se wonnerin an auld sojer like ye, Sandy, s'uld gang efter thae heathen Frenchers; and gin ye talk ony mair, 'twull be three days' pay, ye graceless loon." Sandy made no answer, but looked sulky;

and silence was restored in the grim lines of the Black Watch, while the shot and shell kept screaming over their heads, and every now and then the sharp spang of a bursting bomb was followed by the whistle and whir of the ragged ragments hurtling round them and knocking the dirt all over them. Presently an aid-de-camp came tearing along

the line, as the fire grew hotter and hotter, and the fragments came nearer and nearer. He pulled up by the old colonel, and spoke, so as o be heard by every one.
"Sir George's compliments, Colonel Mac-

dregor, and please to make the men lie down. The enemy give no further indications of a

Then away galloped the young fellow to the next regiment, and ere he had gone twenty paces, came a terrible report, as a shell struck his horse, and exploded at the instant, tearing ider and steed into a ghastly mass of horri The old colonel turned to the Black Watch

as calmly as if nothing had happened.
"Lie down in the ranks," he said; and the
men obeyed in silence. But not an officer It was not etiquette

The pipers maintained their post also, with grave stolidity, and presently the colonel turned oward them, and silently beckoned with his Bonnie Dundee, lads," said the piper-major

s he blew up his pibroch.

Then, high and piercing over the continual hunder of the tremendous cannonade, rose the shrill notes of the pipes, in the rollicking old Jacobite air that chronicles Highland deeds of nearly two centuries ago. The air was caught up by the 79th to the left, and a cheer ran along the line. It was answered by the loud clanger of the bands of the Zonaves over the ravine, playing, "Partant pour la Syrie," and then, on the other side, by the grand, solemn notes of "God save the Queen," from the Coldstream Guards.

Not to be outdone, the Russians struck up their national anthem, "God save the Czar and the fire slackened on both sides for a full minute, while the opposing hosts shouted defant cheers to each other across the narrow but deathly space that separated them.

And then, suddenly, the deep, sullen booming of distant cannon, far off in the rear, startled every one in the Allied lines.

The soldiers lying down turned involuntarily in their places, and looked in the new direction, while the cannonade on the part of the Allies ceased as if by magic. Then the distant booming, at first fitful and irregular, increased to a continuous roar, and announced to the dullest mind that a terrible

conflict must be going on there. The officers of the iron Black Watch, for a moment, forgot their dignity, and looked gravely and anxiously at each other. As the cannonade increased, it became plain to every one that some great movement was being undertaken by the Russians, threatening the rear

of the besiegers. The sound came from the direction of their only base of supplies, six or seven miles off, poorly defended by a chain of redoubts, man-ned by Turks, and covering the harbor, where lay, as thick as in London Docks, the transports and provision ships that brought them all their supplies, to lose which was starvation.

defeat, and possible surrender.

Over the mind of the most ignorant soldier the dread possibility flashed, as vividly as over the General himself. A murmur rose: "Balaklava is attacked!"

> CHAPTER XXII. THE MOSCOW ROAD.

At noon of next day, a powerful dapple-gray horse, an English thoroughbred, worth many thousand rubles, stood before the door of Prince Gallitzin, waiting for his master. The horse was evidently a beast of wicked temper, from the way in which he showed the white of his eye and laid back his ears, when any one approached him suddenly. At such times, his tail would shrink in close to his

like a steam-engine. Such was the result of

his riding-whip.
"Let him go, Vassili," he said to the groom
at the horse's head. "I don't fear old Chert.

He knows me." And he walked fearlessly up to the vicious brute, talking to it in a tone of kindness, un-

burg could have performed.

Then the old prince gathered up his reins, spoke to Chert, and away went the dapple-gray stallion down the street, at a killing pace, General, seeing that you yourself recommended

out a kick, a feat no other man in St. Peters-

loward the Moscow gate. A single glance showed him that it was empty, save for a few officers' servants; and either holster of his military saddle reposed a

grunted Sandy, as he ran to his tent for his pipes and claymore. "Fufteen year a piper of the Black Watch, and late at the gathering. Ye morning ride, the proud old noble was knowingly risking his life.

And yet such was the sese. Gallitzin was fully aware that three police spies stood at different parts of the street to watch him, and knew that, if he gave any offense by his actions, he would be arrested, on

one pretense or another. Accordingly, ere Chert had taken twenty bounds at the pace at which he started, he was sharply reined up by his master, and compelled to proceed at a slower rate—an indignity which he resented by jumping from side to side, plunging and rearing, in a manner that few horsemen could have sat out, undisturbed. But the prince could see several mounted police on the way to the Moscow gate, and was careful to give them no excuse for stopping

him, by furious riding, As he passed the first, the man called out to Be careful, prince. Remember the ukase

on fast riding."

"When I ride over eight miles an hour, stop
me!" cried Gallitzin. "Till then, keep your ship in the harbor. congue from insulting a Boyar of Russia.

As he spoke, out of a cross avenue rode a mounted officer, followed by several orderhes, all at full speed. The officer passed by Gallitzin, waved his and, and cried :

"Ride with me, prince, I am on duty."
In a moment Gallizin was beside him and dashing toward the Moscow gate at full gallop; for in the officer he had recognized the czare vitch himself. And the exarevitch was exempt from the

nkase, with all his immediate friends. Gallitzin laughed as they galloped along, the mounted police drew back and saluted the heir apparent, giving up all notion of stopping

In another five minutes they were through the gate, and the grand duke waved his hand in farewell, as he turned to the right, and left

The old prince lifted his hat and bowed,

spoke to Chert, and away went horse and man on the way to Moscow, now out of the city Chert went magnificently. All his vice and temper had disappeared in the tremendous

barst of energy with which he covered mile after mile of the dusty road, and he fairly Not till ten miles intervened between himself

and St. Petersburg, a distance accomplished in half an hour, did the gallant horse slacken his pace, and then only in obedience to his master's The old prince pulled him up to a walk, and allowed Chert to breathe and snort away his

emporary distress, while Chert's rider keenly nspected a country ox-cart, which was slowly rumbling along the road behind its slow team, on the road before him.

Gallitzin, experienced in police intrigue, suspected the innocent-looking ox-cart.

There were too many men with it.

Four in all, one drove the cart, another lay on the hay which loaded it, two more trudged ongside, with scythes over their shoulders. The prince walked his horse slowly along

bout a hundred yards in rear of the cart, and the cart stopped.

The old noble halted, too.

"So that's your game, is it?" he muttered. Let us see if it will succeed."

He looked all round the landscape. It was a flat plain like the steppe, but dotted with patches of forest. Not a human being was in ght, save those with the ox-cart, and over listant belt of scrubby pine wood rose the green pire of a little country church. That spire marked the center of a village on Gallitzin's own estates

He might have reached it by a cut acro country, but to do so would imply a fear of the men with the ox-cart, which he disdained to

Suddenly taking his resolution, he drew a pistol from his holster, and dashed down traight at the ox-cart at full speed. As he had anticipated, all four men strung themselves across the road to dispute his progress, and the men with the scythes ran forward with uplifted weapons, as if resolved to hamstring the horse

Down on the spies thundered the gallant old prince, till within ten paces, when he suddenly threw Chert on his haunches, wheeled sharp to the left, and fired three shots into the group as he galloped away into the forest.

One of the men fell, and the rest uttered

fearful oaths as they ran after the daring vete-A man threw the sharp scythe he bore, with

deadly aim, at the prince's horse, the blade cut-ting a gash in the animal's haunch, but not ng it, as luck would have it. Gallitzin scraped his way past safely, and

With pitiless accuracy he fired the nine shots remaining to him at the three men still un-wounded, who were all unprovided with fire-

When they fled, he pursued them mercilessly.

Late that evening Prince Gallitzin rode in at the Moscow gate of St. Petersburg, on a black Arab, and the first person he met was the minister of police in his carriage.

"I have just received important news from Sebastopol," quoth Gallitzin, as he passed "If you want to hear it, ask his imperial high ness, the czarevitch, whom I just met.' Gorloff ground his teeth as the prince rode off, laughing.

> CHAPTER XXIII. THE POLISH OFFICER.

In front of General Pelissier's quarters stood a dark iron-gray barb, with an officer's accou terments. It was held by a turbaned Spahi,

*In the French cavalry the Spahis occupy the place

looked like this Dominick. It is only a fancy of mine, however, for he knows both his parents, and can not be the descendant of this girl who possessed the face of an angel and the heart of a fiend."

The girl, Molly Bawn, concealed in a neighter of the street.

"We're a' in God's hands, and I could na dodge them," muttered the brave piper, as he and the same peculiarities had gained him the same peculiarities had gained him the same peculiarities had gained him the name of Chert (the Devil) among the prince's grooms.

The girl, Molly Bawn, concealed in a neighter of the raving passage.

"We're a' in God's hands, and I could na and the same peculiarities had gained him the name of Chert (the Devil) among the prince's grooms.

Presently, however, down the steps came the tall, soldierly form of Gallitzin, closely button-down the steps came the tall, soldierly form of Gallitzin, closely button-down the steps came the tall, soldierly form of Gallitzin, closely button-down the same peculiarities had gained him the name of Chert (the Devil) among the prince's grooms.

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General," said the youthful officer, smiling.
"I think you a devilish deal too handsome," said the old soldier, stroking his white mustache, and scanning the other critically; "but still-I will say this, that if I had a daughter— which God forbid, for women are troublesome der which Chert instantly became quiet and creatures—I'd think twice before trusting her docile, allowing his master to mount him withhave an infernally rakish air, my dear captain

me for my commission

Pelissier grinned. He was a tough old soldier, given to much bad language, and innumerable cigarettes and "petites verres," (anglice, "drinks," "horns," "smiles," "eye-openers,"

"Captain Count Nadetski," he said, "I am glad, for my own sake, that the countess has gone back to Varna. Were she here, I think you would make me feel uncommonly jealous. But since you are her

"Brother," said Nadetski, as the other hesitated; "and hating Russia as fiercely as only a Pole can, General "Ma foi, it needs no glasses to see that, count. But, being her brother, and the countess being my good friend, I now ask you, what

do you propose to do for us?"

"Mofe than all your spies can do for you," said the young Pole, boldly. "I can go inside the Russian lines, and find all their plans, ay. even to what passes in Menschikoff's cabinet. Good promises, count," said Pelissier, dryly. 'When you have executed them, I will promis you promotion. What do you propose to do first; and have you any thing to tell me now?"

"I have much, General," said the Pole, calmy. "Had I not been detained so long at the outposts, the news would be invaluable. As it is it may enable you to save the army. To-day, probably by this time, General Liprandi, with thirty thousand troops, will attack Balaklava, where he expects to drive out the Turks lik sheep, take the redoubts, and destroy every

Pelissier started up. Are you mad, young man? To-day! Why-Boom! boom! the terrible cannonade

ppened, and the battle was begun, as Pelissier "That is only a feint," said Nadetski, quiet-"They expect to divert your troops from Balaklava by threatening a sully. Keep cool, General. You'll hear them at Balaklava soon."

The General stood listening to the fast-in-creasing cannonade in silence for some minutes. He heard the drums and bugles calling to arms and the shouts of the Russians threatening sally, but he hardly heeded them, in the light

of the news he had just received. "Will you dare to take your statement to Raglan?" he asked abruptly of Nadetski. "Remember, I don't know you, young man. You're devilish like a young friend of mine, to be sure, and bear strong recommendations, but if I ac on your advice, I must strip my front to protect Balaklava, which may not really be assail Raglan is nearer there. Will you dare go

to him? Nadetski rose. "With pleasure, General; but I warn you not you are losing time. The attack will not

that you are losing time. be here, but at Balaklava." "Go and tell Raglan," said Pelissier, obsti-tely. "Here, I'll write a note recommending nately. you, and he shall take the responsibility. send the light cavalry, but not a man else,

that's flat.' The veteran General sat down and scrawled a hasty note, the cannonade increasing every moment, while the spang! of an occasional bursting shell came nearer and nearer every time, though the General's quarters were far

When it was finished the young Pole took it with a grave bow, and left the tent, when the French General called for his horse and rode down toward the trenches.

The Captain of Guides, however, rode in exactly the opposite direction as soon as he had mounted the gray barb. The animal dashed along at a rapid, easy gallop, skirting the French right, and going toward the rear of the English, where, on a gentle hill, stood a long, ramblin luster of cottages, over which waved the fla of Lord Raglan, the English commander.

As Nadetski approached, he saw the white-

neaded General, surrounded by his staff, sitting on horseback on a commanding eminence, su the front of Sebastopol.

The count galloped up, himself the most gor-

geous figure in sight, with his green dolman, furred pelisse, wide scarlet trowsers, and fur cap so loftily plumed. Raglan nodded curtly in answer to the sa-

lute, and hastily tore open the note. As soon as he read it his face changed, and he beckon-"Gentlemen," he said to his staff-officers, who were clustering near, "fall back fifty paces. I wish to speak to this officer."

In a moment they were alone, and Raglan

"Well, sir, what news? General Pelissier tells me you have important news. What is it?" In a few words Nadetski repeated his story. The English commander mused; but his musings were suddenly interrupted by the open-

ing gun at Balaklava, followed by the total essation of the allied fire.
Raglan listened, and a look of fear and anxiety came over his usually calm old face.
"The news is true," he muttered. "Why did it not come five hours sooner? Then we

night have saved the redoubts; now-As he spoke he looked over the intervening country toward Balaklava. From where they were, the smoke of conflict was seen rising, rising over the crest of a hill, while the booming of cannon became incessant. They could see, from where they were, the slope of the hill at Balaklava covered with

dark, moving masses, edged with white smoke nnouncing the Russian columns moving to attack the Turkish batteries. Then at last the English General seemed to

shake off his momentary apathy and roused | merec himself. "Those Turks fight well behind walls. They'll hold them till we can succor them. Colonel, here, quick!"

He beckoned to one of his staff who galloped up.
"To Lord Lucan instantly. Tell him to saddle up every thing and trot to Balaklava.

that the better known Zouaves and Turcos did among the foot-soldiers. They are Africans, Moors, Arabs, etc., with a lew Frenchmen, and officered by French for the most part. They wear the Oriental dress similar to the Zouaves, with long boots instead of shoes and gaiters. The renowned Gerard, "the Lion Killer," belonged to this corps. The "Guider" were a recreeously uniformed Hussar regiment, part of the Imperial Guard (now abclished, 1873), whose duties consisted in fornishing escorts, couriers, etc., to the highest officers of France.

Away went number two, as hard as he could tear, and Raglan turned to Nadetski.
"Why didn't you come here before, sir?
Your news is only in time to be too late. Had I seen you at sunrise, I would have had you

made a colonel.' Blame the dock-officers, my lord," said detski in very good English. "I came in Nadetski, in very good English. "I came in by sea last night, and they kept me with their 'How did you know all this, sir?" asked

Raglan abruptly, not listening to the other's explanation. "You wear the uniform of France. How know you the Russian plans? Who are

"Does your lordship remember hearing of the Countess Ivanoff?" asked Nadetski, asked Nadetski, quietly. "Ay, ay; St. Arnaud, Canrobert, and Pelissier, were all crazy about her in Constantino-ple," grumbled the General. "Because she

had a pretty face, and was a Pole, they thought her a great acquisition. I didn't believe in her. But what of her?"

"Your lordship insisted on her leaving camp, suspecting her for a Russian spy," said Nadetski, quietly. "Well, my lord, this very day she is in Sebastopol, and it is from her that I have this news. I am her brother, her husband is a ferocious tyrant, but to serve Poland by humbling Russia, she dares Siberia and

the knout, and I hold correspondence with "I thought the lady was a widow," said Raglan, dryly. "At least she told us so."
"She might as well be one, my lord," said
the Pole. "All her kith and kin have abandoned her, and she lives every hour in dread of her life. You mistrust her, and yet she has this day sent you valuable information, for which you have not even thanks to give.

"You mistake," said the old General, calmly. "I thank you for your news, late as it is. Had it been earlier, I would have done more. would have rewarded you." "I ask for no rewards," said the young offi-cer, haughtily. "I act for my own pleasure. But if you wish to get your news in time hereafter, I must be able to pass your lines at all
times. Give me such a pass as I have from
General Pelissier, and you shall never com-

plain of tardy news again, I promise you."
"That is a reasonable request," said Raglan, kindly. "My secretary shall give you one, if you please. I regret that you were detained, sir, but now, if you have no more news, I must

attend to my duties. I see Lucan's moving "One moment, my lord ?" cried Nadetski, hurriedly, as Raglan pointed to the steel hel-mets of the renowned Heavy Brigade, moving on the road below to Balaklava at a rapid trot. Will you let me go with Lord Lucan as a volunteer, and give me a note to insure my proper treatment? I may be able to secure

valuable information."
Raglan hesitated, but consented; and called Five minutes after, Captain Count Nadetski was galloping full speed toward the head of Lord Lucan's column, and the Highland brigade was taking a short cut toward Balaklava

Before they had traversed a mile of the seven, the Turks were seen fleeing out of the redoubts in confusion, while the Russian standards waved on the crest of Balaklava

on the left, where the battle was raging around

Nadetski uttered a low laugh, and then pulled up close to Lord Lucan, to whom he handed Raglan's note. (To be continued—commenced in No. 192)

A Chance Acquaintance.

BY HENRI MONTCALM.

THE Modoc War was over at last; and the Government, in token no doubt of its appreciation of his instrumentality in bringing about so desirable a result, had granted Lieutenant Washington Murray, of the —th cavalry, two months' leave of absence. Accordingly that gallant officer, hastily collecting the small stock f goods and chattels with which he was in the habit of incumbering himself on his travels, proceeded down to San Francisco by stage, and thence by mail directly across country. At the time our story opens he had reached Chicago on

his way to his home in the East.
"Thank Heaven!" quoth he, to himself, as he coolly took possession of both seats of section number four of the elegant palace car, City of Hudson, L. S. & M. S. R. R. "Thank Heaven! that so few people besides myself are senseless enough to travel this hot weather. If misery is to be found upon earth it is in a crowded sleeping-car on a summer night." saying, he deposited himself in one of the seats, and carefully filling the other with his Mexican blanket, sac de nuit and a pair of feet of which the Cardiff Giant need not have been ashamed, he gave himself up to dreams of the furlough before him.

He was awakened some fifteen minutes later by the train's moving out of the depot. He straightened himself, rubbed his eyes and look-The car was full enough now a ed around. all events. Section four seemed to be the only one not full. "At least," thought he, still dis-posed to make the best of things, "we are off now, and I shall have no one in the berth above

But again his self-congratulations were pre mature, for the door at the further end of the car opened and the conductor entered, followed by a young lady, the two evidently in search of section or fractional part thereof engaged by

the latter.
"This is number four," said the conductor,

halting before our soldier.
"But I telegraphed for a section," said the lady, looking pointedly at the occupant of the two seats. The conductor glanced at his eard: "Very sorry, Miss, but there was only an upper four left. Maybe the gentleman will let you have the lower berth?"

The gentleman alluded to started up, stam-"Certainly, by all means," and confusedly grasped his traveling bag as if aware he bad no sort of business to be there, and was quite ready to depart for Jericho, Jerusalem or any other remote quarter of the globe; then, recov

ering himself a little, he proceeded to move his luggage to the forward seat so that she might not have to ride backward. The lady thanked him coldly and sat down, looking scimetars at the abashed official from a pair of splendid

At length, finding she had dismissed all and he, alas! must go on East at once. But don't sketch. Your favorite Ray stood by at thought of his existence, he ventured to change he would see as much of her as possible during the time and made arrangements for meeting position and regard her more attentively. She was leaning her head against the window-pane, looking away off over the dreary western landscape to the scenes and the friends—so he ima-gined—that she had left behind; and the dark means so early a riser, and it was not until eyes had now softened from splendid to beautiful. She was not such a terrible person, after all, and the lieutenant's courage slowly came back to him. He began to realize the fact that tory to leaving the train. She greeted him he was sitting opposite a magnificent creature. She was both blonde and brunette, hair and eyes black as jet, and cheeks a clear red and white. Her nose was divinely Grecian, with just enough retrousse about it to show that it was modernly human. Add to these charms a unless, indeed, I may trouble you to get me a becoming little turban hat and a delicious figure set off by a stylish gray traveling suit, and ours will not be here."

get acquainted with this beauteous being who had so unexpectedly entered his presence; but, although he was a good-looking man and a brave soldier, yet most of his later years had been passed on the frontier, and it may be doubted if the society of Modoc belles and Ute squaws is particularly calculated to give a man confidence in the presence of the more fash-ionable ladies of the East.

He unbuttoned his linen duster so as to display his uniform to better advantage, sighed audibly and wished he had courage to offer her the copy of Wilkie Collins' New Magdalen, which he had beside him. But, while the lady's beauty commanded his admiration and her sadness his sympathy, there was a gentle dignity about her that forbade his expressing either feeling. He felt that, unless something extraordinary occurred to break the ice, it would be impossible for him to address her.

Fortunately something extraordinary did occur, and that in a manner entirely unexpect-The conductor came around for the tickets. Our warrior held in his hand the two or three surviving coupons of a long string that had brought him from San Francisco. The conductor came to the lady first and touched her arm to attract attention. She turned upon him as if to resist some familiarity; then, see ing who he was, began searching her pocket for her portemonnaie. Failing to find it there she nervously opened her traveling-bag—a beautifully-worked worsted one with the letters "L. E." in monogram upon it—but it was not there either. The conductor held out his hand emphatically.

"Well, ma'am," he said, at length, gruffly The lady seemed to have lost all self-posses on. She looked up in a frightened manner, her beautiful eyes filled with tears; then said,

appealingly:
"I—I think I have lost my purse—"
"Where are you going?" asked he, eying her suspiciously. "To Toledo."

"No one rides free on this road." Lieutenant Murray, though not as funny as Mark Twain, was quite as tender-hearted. He "never could stand a woman's tears." Acting upon a sudden impulse he bent forward as if taking something from the floor, and tearing

off his Toledo coupon held it toward the young and I think this must be yours," he said, re-

spectfully; "it was on the floor."

"Oh, thank you," she cried, seizing it and giving it to the official, who, not one bit ashamed of himself, coolly punched and returned it, and then turned to the lieutenant for his. Of course that gentleman was obliged to pay his fare; but, thought he to himself, joyful ly, the happiness of having served a beautifu young lady and the possibilities of a further acquaintance, are well worth five or six paltry dollars. And the prospect did seem to have brightened considerably: for instead of turning back to the window, she looked straight at him and warmly expressed her sense of obligation. he not found her ticket. She had no friends nearer than Toledo, and could not thank him sufficiently. During all which time the lieu-tenant was blushing delightedly, and insisting upon it that he had done nothing deserving so overwhelming an amount of gratitude. hoped he might be permitted to apologize for having deprived her of the use of a whole section. He was sure he regretted it very much indeed, or at least-he added, growing bolderhe ought to regret it, but could not bring himself to do so very heartily, since it had enabled

him to do her a service. At this she beamed upon him with those fine eyes in a manner quite bewildering; said it was she who should apologize for being so rude when she first came in, begged him to sit beside her—"it must make his head swim to ride backwards"—and the long and short of it was that long before dark they were talking quite

eozily and unrestrainedly together.

The lieutenant had certainly found a very entertaining, as well as beautiful companion. She at once accused him of being a soldier, and was sure he was coming home from the Indian wars covered with glory, though, she added mischievously, he didn't seem covered with wounds. Then with that delicate art which pretty women so well understand, she drew from him a description of his camp life and frontier experiences, subjects which she knew he could talk best upon, bestowing upon his all the censure for their differences. glowing accounts all the rapt attention calm, sweet, unimpassioned, who was never in with which Desdemona flattered Othello. Now a rage in all the twenty-two years of her life, and then she made a pretty mouth, as he unconsciously indulged in some phrase of the camp, or sometimes she gave a bewitching litcry of horror as he described a night at-

And the soldier, looking down into those dark eyes, felt such ecstasy as he had never known before. It was not until the twilight shadows began to gather and the lamps were lighted, that he began to realize he had been talking all this while of himself and his own concerns. So he tried to turn the conversation to other topics, and gradually prevailed upon his beautiful seat-mate to speak of herself. skillful questioning he learned that she was a boarding-school Miss returning home for the vacation; that her father was a rich old merchant of Toledo, who thought every thing of his daughter, and how she was expecting to surprise him by arriving one day sooner than Then she suddenly blushed to find herself talking so freely to a stranger, and still artlessly went on.

Never was so pleasant a tete-a-tete interrupted as when the porter came around to make up the berths. Was ever so romantic a beginning for an acquaintance ?.
Ah! Lieutenant Washington Murray, what

your brother officers say if they knew that before you had been one week away from them you had struck your colors to a woman? You are head over heels in love, you know you are; and that terrible "upper four" is to you a bed of roses this night, for in your dreams continually you are talking with a delightful little fairy in a turban hat and gray traveling-

The first waking thought of our hero was connected with his charming "chance acquaintance" of the night before; but that thought was saddened by the prospect of a speedy separation. She was to stop at Toledo,

means so early a riser, and it was not until they were quite inside the city that he, returncordially, but there was little time for further conversation.

"Can I do any thing for you?" he asked, as

you have the tout ensemble of my heroine.

It straightway became the fondest wish of the heart of Lieutenant Washington Murray to the heart of Lieutenant Wa Might I offer-?"

"Oh! thank you," she answered, laughing and blushing in turn; "I am going directly home, and shall not need it." "And am I never to see or hear of you

"That depends upon yourself"—with an encouraging smile: "I should be happy to have you call upon me. Do you stop in Toledo?" "No, I am obliged to report at Washington

"Well, you'll come some time, will you not?" and she handed him a delicate bit of cardboard on which was the name, "Lillian Egerton," and an address. He thanked her and proffered his own card in return as they left the train. Then he went off in search of a carriage, and presently returning, he whisper-

ed, as he placed her in it:
"Would you think me too bold, Miss Eger-

ton, if I should write to this address?"
"I think not," she answered, very sweetly indeed, and held out her hand. He pressed it an instant, and then the man drove off and left him taking off his hat at the carriage window. A week later found Lieutenant Murray at home and among friends; but he did not forget his beautiful traveling companion and her permission to write. He indited at once one of his sweetest and most impressive epistles. And, among other things, he found it impossible to resist telling her about the tickets—how it was not her own ticket at all that he had given her, and what a fine joke it was. He waited in a fever of impatience for an answer. After many days it came. It was not very long, but might be called very forcible and ex-

"You dear Goose," it ran, "I don't take the trouble to answer all the foolish letters that are written to me; but you are so green that I can't help telling you a thing or two. Don't be imposed upon by every pretty girl who is traveling without a protector. I knew very well it wasn't my ticket you gave me—I never had any ticket? and my money was in my pocket all the time. I always let somebody else pay my fare. It's cheaper—for ms. Call on me when you are in Toledo."

on me when you are in Toledo."

The lieutenant will be in Toledo soon on his way back to duty, but it is doubtful if he calls on Miss Egerton. Would you call on a lady who calls you a goose? Besides, he doesn't feel quite sure about the social position, rich old father, and all that. At any rate, he has examined a catalogue of the seminary, and can find no such name as Lillian Egerton in its

Moral: Be sure you are right before you

A Sister's Art.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"I TELL you I detest Lisle Alchester." cidedly unpolitic to detest Lisle Alchester of all men. And pray, what may be your appreciation of that Corsair-like person, Harold There is a difference, I presume." There is a difference, Viola. You are not

so far lacking in perception not to have detected that.'

By no means. It was evident enough, I confess. You danced with him eight times ast night, and but twice with poor smitten

"'Poor smitten Lisle' survived under your sind consideration, "Don't dodge the issue, June. You rendered

yourself conspicuous by your devotion to the beggarly hanger-on, Harold Ray. I absolutely heard your names bandied together. You meant nothing by it, I am ready to believe, but, as an elder sister was compromised, in a measure, by the reflection you cast, I feel it my duty to remonstrate, to request there shall be no recurrence of the same."

Sisterly affection is always so liberal, I dare say—to sacrifice the dearest hope of earth for a

There was bitterness in June Farleigh's voice. There was no sympathy between these two, no warm outgushing of love, very little liking, indeed, sisters though they were. Poor, faulty June, who flew into tempers, whose boiling wrath and indignation bubbled over daily, bore "little lower than the angels are," how could any blame attach to her? June was only eighteen-foolish little June-and had but late ly fallen headlong into an idolatry of which fresh-hearted eighteen is capable.

"I trust so if the 'dearest hope' has any thing to do with Harold Ray. The pretense is at least a respectable sort of affair, your conduct of late, my dear, not to be tolerated." Viola's "my dears" always had a tinge of

acidity at the bottom of their sweetness. I don't see any thing very wrong in it." "Not in setting people's tongues to wagging? -and they are very uncharitable tongues some times. I can admire your courage, while I do not applaud your wisdom. However, my duty as an elder sister leads me to remonstrate. That reminds me I promised Lisle you should

go with him to Sutton Wood to make these "Decidedly kind of you, but I happen to have an engagement."
"You promised him yourself, you know, and

that engagement must take the precedence. Do try to be civil to Lisle for once in your life, and, as it is within half an hour of his time to call, you had better dress unless you prefer going in that more suggestive than picturesque

Said attire was a limp wrapper, long since departed from its pristine brightness of violet tint. June was a careless mortal, but after alf it was not entirely her fault that her wrappers always were faded and old. Viola's were crisp wear out by the time they reach second-hand

edness.

the time and made arrangements for meeting you there with Laura Sutton. Under the cirumstances of course I shall not urge your in

Harold going. June was not above incom sistency with that prospect in view. Suttor Wood saw her that day despite her vehemen assertion to the contrary. October frosts had turned the foliage; the green water of the winding creek had taken a brownish tinge; great rocks scattered in the bed of it lifted griz zled heads surrounded by wreaths of foam, and the swift, noisy dark current rushing between leaped a shallow fall and broadened into a sient basin, where a treacherous under-suction vas more to be dreaded than the rush above. Along the banks masses of red and yellow vines softened their rugged sides to lines of the silent figure had scarcely stirred upon the

June sketched busily, though by no means absorbed in her work. Lisle Alchester came in for still less of her attention, which wandered to points not included in the picture growing under her little white fingers.

"I thought Mr. Ray was to be here," she said, at last, "he and Laura Sutton."

"Did you? He proposed something of the sort, but your sister quashed the idea. Deuced clever of her; said something about two being company and three or four for that matter none; and, besides, Miss Sutton was to call on her about some fol-de-rol in the way of stitches ner about some fol-de-rol in the way of stitches. You can't imagine how relieved I was. She' a rum girl, that sister of yours, Miss June, and it's jolly nice here by our two selves. Don't you think so ?"

you please, Mr. Alchester. I don't wish my work thrown literally into the shade.'

Mr. Alchester accordingly edged away a couple of inches, with his light, rather nearsighted eyes fixed admiringly upon the pretty picture of the bright bowed head and flushed cheeks and trim figure in walking dress of russet brown. He was a florid, sandy-haired young man, very sincere in his lovemaking very obtuse in detecting it unfavorably received and so good-natured withal that even June' heart sometimes misgave her after she had snubbed him unmercifully. Mr. Alchester found a heaven of content in sitting even in silence this near her, feasting his gaze upon the loveliness which had taken him unresisting captive. Life in a prolonged situation has was all he would have asked for at the moment. Not so June. The pretty head came py, scarcely resigned.

"I gave you one present, June, but I have "I gave you one present, June, but I have charge," said Laura Sutton, captive. Life in a prolonged situation like this

"What do you look at me that way for? I don't like to be stared at. Do, for goodness' sake, turn your eyes somewhere clee" sake, turn your eyes somewhere else "I can't find any thing else half so pretty to look at. I wish you would let me have you to look at always, June, dear."

June dear started to her feet impatiently.
"There, I'm all out of humor for drawing any more to-day. I can't abide people to be always talking when I'm at work. Let's go

"Do you want to, really?" Mr. Alchester queried, disappointedly. "I'm not half ready yet. I've got Owen Meredith in my pocket; I don't care much for the fellow myself, but you do, I know. Heard you say as much after Ray's reading, the other night. Rum good fellow, Ray! Pity he's so confoundedly poor and proud."

"Povery and pride aren't cardinal sins, are they?" There was half-defiance, half-sarcasm in the question, June is so accustomed to pitch-

ing battle for the sake of her friends.

"How you do take one up! Not sins, of course not, but he stands in his own light, you see. He might have Laura Sutton for asking her, but he's poor and she's rich, and so he won't ask"

How do you know?" she queried, sharply. "Bless me, I can't say exactly. It's no secret, people in general know it, I believe. It'll come all right before a great while, take my stannch democrat believes in men being born free and equal and all that, he's favored Ray from the first, too, and he's sure to open some way for him. I shouldn't wonder if the trip to Europe in the spring would be a wedding trip.

On my soul I wish—"

Well, are you coming?" interrupted June, coldly. She knew perfectly well that Mr. Al-chester's wish would be that his own wedding trip might follow shortly, and just then any coldly. lerness from him would have set her wild.

"Yes, I suppose so," as he picked himself and sketch-book reluctantly up. "Sha'n't we come back and have this thing finished to-mor-

I can finish it at home." "Don't be in such a hurry, June, I've got something to say, and somehow I don't seem to got any chance." to get any chance."
"I'm going to cross the rocks," said June,

springing recklessly down the shelving banks to escape the proposal she felt was coming. You're not afraid, I suppose?"
"I don't know. The water makes my head

lizzy. Do come back, won't you?" "Go around the bridge if you like better. I shall go around this way.

Little as he might be inclined to favor a passage over the broken line of rocks over-hanging the fall, Lisle Alchester would not desert his close allegiance. He followed more cautiously, and June was half-way over when he arrived at the beginning of the perilous crossing. It was not the water made her head dizzy, and caused black motes to swim in the sunshine before her eyes. They were there, however; they blinded her and she made a mis-step on one of those smooth, slippery stones. She shrieked and caught at the air, then the Alchester had one glimpse of her bright hair and white face as the black waters below closed over her. Even a fair, weak, effeminate man may be a hero on an occasion. He was that day nerved by a strength greater than any ther event could have brought him.

He plunged into the depths and fought with the fierce underflow for the victim it had clutched, fought and conquered, and never felt his own fatigue until June's blue eyes opened near an hour later in the cottage just out of the wood to which he had carried her. Then he fainted, and it would have been hard to say was the dreariest looking individual conveyed back in the carriage he had sent for, which shortly afterward arrived for June.

No lasting ill consequences were destined to follow the adventure. An afternoon and night of rest restored the two participants, and Viola, who for a few short hours had held her peace, opened fire on the following morning. Such a romantic turn of affairs ought to

have been improved, June. Did you throw yourself into the arms of your deliverer when you came back to consciousness, and plaintively murmur, 'Take me; I am thine?' Don't begin such ridiculous nonsense,

Lisle would not have thought it ridiculous in the least. Did he not propose at all? I sitively thought he intended to."

me now. Was Harold here yesterday?"

"Mr. Ray was here."

"With Laura Sutton?" A gasp with the words and a feverish eagerness which would san'cul.

"Yes. I fancy you've heard something of the truth, June. I did what I shouldn't have done but to cure you of a silly penchant for a man who don't care a fig for you. I kinted something of a rumor I had heard as I talked aside with him for a moment, referring to an engagement on hand. 'I'm not engaged yet, Miss Farleigh,' he said, 'but I hope soon to be.' And—well, June, you only needed to have seen the look in his eyes as he turned to Laura." June covered her face and lay still after that.

"Lisle is here," she announced. "You must go down and thank him; I haven't a doubt

Later Viola looked into the room again, where

but you treated him shabbily yesterday. If it were only to show a little spirit I'd take Lisle if I were you, June." "I wish you would. You make me hate his

"Unfortunately he has no idea of giving me the opportunity. I don't admire his taste, and I am too conscious of how shabby my dresses are getting, and the fact that the wherewithal to get more has been melted to the last penny, to be over-particular on chances. I don't expect much from you, but for your own sake

you might take a common-sense view.' That curse of poverty had laid its iron finger ou think so?"
on them with a pressure which even June could "Hum, which? Sit a little further back, if not ignore. But what matter did it make now

-that or any thing again in the world?

The words which had been on Lisle Alchester's lips yesterday rushed up and were uttered as she stood, listless and pale before him. "You're a dashed sight too good for me, June, I know that. But I love you, and I'll be good to you, I will indeed, and can't you give me the life I saved, darling?"

"It was in June's heart to cry out, "Oh, why did you not let me die?"
Instead, her little cold hand lay passive in his, and she said, "Yes," in the simplest, dreariest manner, which would have satisfied no one under the sun but Lisle Alchester. Two months after that she uttered her marriage vow, in the little gray chapel, and went home to the wedding-breakfast, not quite a leaden-

another in my charge," said Laura Sutton, something cold, hard and ringing in her voice, as she found the bride alone during the morning. "This is it." And untwisting a little wisp of silver paper, there lay asoft, dark, curling lock of hair in June's hand. "I cut it myself from Harold Gray's dead head."

"Dead?" Such shocked, startled, agonizing

questioning.
"Of a broken heart if ever man died of one, whatever the doctors say. It must be a happy remembrance to you, the way you beguiled him when you were Alchester's betrothed. Laura was bitter against her, for she had loved

Harold Ray, and been passed over by him.
"I did not; I never did. He was false, not
I. He told Viola he hoped to win you." Viola told him in my hearing of your engagement. May you find as much happiness as ou desire, Mrs. Alchester." And bitter still, inbelieving, Miss Sutton swept away. Before

une's anguished eyes Viola dawned next, Viowith warning in her face.
"For mercy's sake don't expose yourself now, June. Alive or dead he is nothing to

You lied to me," accused June, in intensest calm. "He was never false to me."

"I never said it, my dear. In fact, he expressed a hope to engage himself to you, which I in duty bound nipped in the bud. It was all for the best, my little arriere pensee with the

Your 'montal reservation' has blasted my I wish I was dead with him."

Hearts seldom break, and death does not come to youth at will. June lived, and Viola ived with her in her husband's home, and made brilliant match through aid of Alchester's

Was not treachery punished then? Reluctantly, for the moral's sake, I answer no. Was misery the life-long portion of that suffering, wronged one? Not so. Alchester's love was too true and tender not to win a return, and whatever "might have been," June is content.

Mrs. Brown's Ride.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

"Wno's that a-canterin' by ?" asked aunt Mahala Brown of her niece, as some one rode by on horseback.

Miss Douglas, I guess," answered Dora. "Did I ever tell you about my first ride hoss-back?" asked aunt Mahala, laughing at the recollection of it till the tears ran down her face.
"No, never," answered Dora. "Tell me about it now, please. There's plenty of time

before getting dinner to cooking."
"I dun no but I will," said aunt Mahala, folding her hands across her lap as she always did when telling a story. "You see, in my young days, I was the masterhand to read novels. Not sich as you hev nowadays, but sich ones as 'Children of the Abbey,' an' 'Miranda,' an' ''Lonzo an' M'lissa,' an' the like, an' I got to be the romantickest critter you ever see. I r'ally b'leeved I couldn't marry nobody but a prince rough force of the fall swept her down. Lisle or a lord, an' I allus was on the look-out fer one to cum along. I never laid a novel down till I'd got to the eend. Mother, she'd say she'd burn 'em up ef I didn't quit bein' so be witched over 'em, but land! I couldn't help it. I was jest the right age to make a fool o' myself, an' I guess I did.

"One day Sally Thompson cum over to our house, an' I knew she'd got suthin' tu tell by the looks of her. So bymby she let it out, as I enew she'd hev to. " 'Mahala,' sez she, 'we've got a boarder

over to our house. " Who? sez I.

"'An artist,' sez she, 'A man that paints pieters, from New York. He's goin' to paint a pieter o' Puffen's Pond. Goin' tew begin ter-'An artist?' sez I, kinder ketchin' my

breath. 'Is he han'sum, Sally?'
"'R'ale good-lookin',' sez Sally, sez she. tell you what, Mahala, he'd jest suit you. He looks r'ale romantic, with his long hair a-hangin' lown onto his shoulders. I dunno but I should -fell slap into love with him ef-ef 't hadn't been fer Josi.' Josi was her beau. nit I see him, sez I tu myself, 'that's the very feller fer Mahala,' an' I run over to-day to tell you about him. Cum over an' git 'quainted.' "An artis'! I tho't the matur all over, an'

"I'd jest been readin' a story about 'fust impressions,' and the idee got into my he'd that twould be a fine thing tu make a favorable impression on the artis' the fust time he see me, round hole, and pour brass around it."

concluded, as there wasn't any princes or lords

in this country, I might as well take up with

"Vi., for Heaven's sake don't quarrel with an' fin'l'y I decided tu take ole Bill, our hoss, ne now. Was Harold here yesterday?" an' ride over tu Puffen's Pond the next arternoon. So I hunted up an ole black bumbazett dress, an' made it long by piecin' down the skirt. Then I got an old plug hat o' father's an' cut it over so's 'twould fit, an' trimmed it with black silk. I wanted a fe'ther awful bad, but didn't know where to git one more'n the man in the moon.

"As I was meditatin' on it, mother's old speckled rooster that she set the world by hopped up on the fence an' crowed fit tu split. A bright idee struck me. Why couldn't I git his tail fe'thers? Mother was in the milk-house an' wouldn't see me. I run down-stairs an' out in the garden, an' took after him. He run like all posesst, in among the current bushes, an' over the onion beds, an' through mother's summer savory patch, an I kep' tight to his beels. He nollered an' cackled, but I got holt of him at last, right by the tail, an' as I was a-goin' to git him by the neck till I could pick out what fe'ther I wanted, he giv' an awful screech an' a flop, an' away he went, leavin' every tail-fe'ther he had in my hand. Land! wa'n't I scart! Ef mother found it out she'd be mad 's hops. I couldn't help laffin' tu see how comi-

kle he lookt canterin' about bobtailed.

"I fixt my hat, an' it looked awful stylish, I tho't. I took it an' hid it under the bottom shelf o' the linen cupboard fer fear mother'd

"After supper I heerd mother a-hollerin' down in the garden, an' I run out to see what the matter was.

"'Mahala,' sez she, 'suthin's been after our old rooster. His tail's gone slick's a whis'le. D'ye s'pose ît's skunks?" "'I dun no, sez I. 'Like enough.'
"'I swan,' sez mother, 'I wouldn't 'a' had it
done fer nothin'. It's sp'ilt his looks entirely.'

"I dreamed all night about my ride an' the artis' an' mother's ole rooster, an' I declare I dun no what all, I was so excited. "The next forenoon I carried my hat an' dress out an' hid 'em back o' the barn, an' got

dress out an' hid 'em back o' the barn, an' got the bridle an' hid there tu, so's tu hev every thing reddy. Ole Bill run in the pastur' near.

"I kep' a-thinkin' about my ride all the time I was helpin' mother wash up the dinner dishes.

"'What be you a-dewin'?' sed mother, as I stood with the butcher-knife in one hand, atryin' tew wipe it with a teaspoon. 'I dew de-clare, Mahala, you try my patience so! You don't act as ef you'd got much common sense left, ef ye ever hed any. There ye be a gaw-pin' up tew the ceilin', an' not takin' holt tew help a bit. I swan, I'll burn up the fust novel I lay my han's on, see 'f I don't.'
"I went to work an' helped du up the dishes, en' then disped out

an' then slipped out.
"I ketched ole Bill an' bridled him, an' got on my hat an' dress, an' then led the hoss down tu the lower eend o' the paster where a pair o' bars was. The barn was 'tween me an' the

ouse, so nobody could see me.
"When I got ole Bill through the bars I led im up tew a stump an' mounted him. I'd never rode a hoss afore, but I thought it was easy work. I didn't find it so though. Ole Bill, he kept a-prancin', an' I hed tu hang like sixty tu keep on. 'Twan't fur tew Puffen's Pond through the woods, an' I was glad of it. I kep' a-thinkin' what a sensation I'd create in the artis' heart when he see me a-comin'. Mebbe he'd paint a picter of me.

"I rode along, a keepin' a look out fer the artis', an' ole Bill an' I see him at the same time, an' he see us. Ole Bill, he got scairt, an' time, an' he see us. Ole Bill, he got scairt, an' begun to prance, an' away went my hat into a bunch o' blackberry bushes. That scairt ele Bill wuss'n ever, an' he jest turned square 'round an' started off tow'rd the house full canter. I grabbed holt of his mane, an' hung an' kep' a-hollerin' 'whoa! whoa! but the ole critter wouldn't hear a word, but kep' a-canterin' over stones an' logs, bumpety-bounce! bumpety-bounce! I thought I should tumble off, but I grabbed the tighter, an' hung on. I thought about the 'impression' I hed made on the artis', an' I was hoppin' mad. I jerked at Bill's bridle, but he wouldn't pay no attention. He scooted right by the paster-bars an' took the scooted right by the paster-bars an' took path leadin' out into the main-road. M to work in the 'tater-patch, hoein', 'side o' the road, an' would be sure to see me. I see-sawed on ole Bill's bridle, but the ole wretch kep' a-goin' on the horriblest canter you ever heerd I'd as soon ride on the ridge-pole of a

meetin'-house, any day.
"Father an' Joe, they see'd me a-comin' an' dropped their hoes, an' cut fer the road tu see what was up.
"'Land an' airth!' yelled father. 'Is thet

you, Mahala, an' what have you been a-doin'?'
"I didn't stop to ans'er. Ole Bill went straight by an' fetched up kerchug! ag'in' the gate, so suddint as to pitch me, he'd first, intu the laylock bush. Mother, she'd seen me a-comin' an' run down tu the gate to see what the matter was.

'Mahala Green,' sez she, 'is that you, an' what on airth hev you got on, an' what her you been up to?'

"'Purty question to ask,' sez I, mad as a wet hen. 'Can't you see it's me, 'ithout askin'? You old wretch,' sez I, breakin' off a switch from the laylock an' hittin' ole Bill, like all possesst, over his head an' ears; 'take that, in' that, an that !'

"'Father,' yelled mother, 'hurry! Mahala's gone ravin' distracted!' an' she made a grab "'Jes' let me alone,' sez I, 'an' fer goodness' sake, stop yer screechin'. You'll hev all the

neighbors here. By that time father'd got tu the gate. 'I'd like to know what's up, sez he, awful stern like. 'I should think you'd be ashamed of yerself, Mahala. Jest go up-stairs an' take off them duds quicker'n Jack Robinson, an' the next time I heer o' yer actin' like this, I'll hoss-

whip ye.'
"' Pve brought the young lady's hat,' sez a voice t'other side the gate, an' would you b'leeve it? there was that artis', a-holdin' out my hat, an' grinnin' like sixty.

"Mother, she see them fe'thers, an' she jest looked at me as ef she'd like tu du suthin' aw-

You're the critter that I thought was after the rooster, be ye?' sez she. 'Jest go straight intew the house, Mahala Green, an' I'll settle with ye

"I went intew the house, a-draggin' my skirt after me, an' Joe, he sot down an' laffed fit tu bu'st.

"Mother, she cum up an' give me the awfullest talkin'-tu you ever heerd on, an' I didn't heer the last o' my ride fer many a day. I never see anybody a-hossback but I think of it. I concluded, arter a while, tu take up with yer uncle Joshua, instid o' waitin' fer a prince. That artis', he told all about my ride over to Thompson's, an' it got all over town, an' I got laffed at the wust way. But it cured me o' bein' so romantic."

TABLE-TALKERS should be exact and incisive. There is a disease called aphasia, and the sufferer uses words which do not at all express his meaning. The complaint is more common than is supposed. The Irishman had it who sought to describe to a lady the process



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unleations, subscriptions, and letters on business, sh BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Oll Coomes' New Serial! ONE-ARMED ALF,

The Giant Hunter of the Great Lakes: THE MAID OF MICHIGAN,

will be commenced in our next issue. It is one of this charming author's finest forest romances. and will prove immensely popular with all classes of readers. The SATURDAY JOURNAL is especially strong in its writers in this field of fiction-no paper in America pretending to vie with it.

Our Arm-Chair.

Editors and Authors.-To a note-giving our views regarding a returned manuscript, the author thus rejoins:

"MR. EDITOR :- Even such a letter as that I received from you just now does not discourage me, though it makes me impatient. I'm one of the irrepressibles, don't believe in failure as long as perseverance and work will bring success. I dare say you had a good and sufficient reason for writing as you did-though your letter was just the least bit unpalatable. I'm determined to write, and keep on writing. If I can't do well, I'll try to do as well as I can. I'm going to keep on sending you my best, in whatever line, knowing that you will treat me fairly; that is, unless you write that you have had enough of me. In that case, I shall try some one else. I should be very sorry to hear it, but it would not discourage me entirely."

We quote this for a twofold purpose, first, because it betrays a spirit that is commendable; and second, because it will serve as a text for remarks we have to offer.

The return by us, of a manuscript, by no means should discourage the author, as we have often stated. We, in fact, reject many admirable productions, which can be and are oftentimes used elsewhere. Our reasons for such rejection it is simply impossible to explain, but generally we may say they are not adapted to our particular want. Charles Reade or Wilkie Collins, for instance, write good novels, but any American editor conversant with the requirements of a popular journal knows they are worth infinitely less to him than a good home author, who can touch the reader's mental pulse every time.

We choose, or try to do so, that which will excite the most interest in the greatest number of readers, and though we may sometimes fail to discriminate correctly we are confirmed, by each week's experience, and by comparing our issues with other papers less carefully edited, in the opinion that it is less what is put in a paper than what is kept out that gives that paper its true value. The author may feel hurt, or slighted, at a declination of a contribution; but, could he or she see the mass before us every day, from which to choose, the little irritation would end in surprise that we do not return half of the mass without even the trouble of reading.

We not only read all carefully but consider some of those selected for use a second time-thus to reach "the inevitable best," without a particle of predilection or prejudice, for or against an author ith all this care matter sometimes is accepted which is not fully to our taste or requirements because it is the best that is offered of its kind. and comes so near to our standard as to "pass

All of this authors should consider, nor jump at the hasty conclusion that we have done them an injustice because that which they prepared for us and we rejected is accepted and used elsewhere While we reject, as we have said, a great many contributions that have points of excellence, we refuse a far greater number that are inferior and imperfect; and, seeing such work in print, in some other weekly, is indeed no proof of literary excellence but rather a decisive indication that other papers are content with an inferior grade of matter. Such matter is cheap, of course-which really is the secret of its adoption and use, in the sources indicated.

The idea we wish to impress on all our writers is, that a contribution to be available, must be the best of its kind. We want no experiments nor "first efforts," nor illy-digested conceptions in our pages. The reader would justly turn away from such composition if we, for any reason, gave them place. The reader's discrimination is, usually, very sharp, and, in the main, a correct guide to what is desirable and what is not. Hence, the aim of author and editor alike should be to give the reader the most pleasure and satisfaction. When the editor decides that the author has no proffered what will do this, he would be doing both the public and the publisher great injustice to use the contribution. At least so we think and so we shall be governed in our conduct of this paper, which, we are proud to know, is regarded by the trade and by the reading public, as one of the best family and fireside journals now published in this country.

Just the Ticket!"-Some of the best and most pertinent suggestions come in the delicate guise of satire and song. Take up any popular song-book and you'll find a perfect mine of sharp, incisive wit and wisdom. It is this quality, indeed, of these song-books which makes them so popular among "the masses," who find in them excellent reading and good advice. Not one purchaser in forty knows or cares for the tunes to the songs; all they want are the words. One of the newest of these "people's own" songs is called, "Go and Learn a Trade," in which, among other pertinent points, is this:

The country's full of "nice young men," The country's full of "nice young men,
Who from their duty shirk;
Who think 'twould crush their family pride,
If they should go to work;
Take off your coat (your father did,)
And find some honest maid,
Who'll help you make your fortune when
You've learned an honest trade.

So true that every girl ought to learn that song, and hum it in the ears of the "nice young man" who thinks a "clerkship" more respectable than a trade; and it should be blown with a French horn in the ears of every young man or woman who thinks a trade is a disgrace. In the good time coming the young man who learns a trade will be

Chat.-Dio Lewis, we are informed, advises all bloom reign triumphant, and we shall be blest dies who would preserve the freshness of their complexion to eat beans. Prof. Agassiz recom nends all brain-workers to eat fish. So good looks and intellect is all a matter of beans and fish; but now are we to account for the anomaly of exquisite complexions in those who abominate beans, or of great intellectual capacity in those who never eat fish? The fact is that men with hobbies are very irrational advisers. The only true philoophy of health and activity is to eat and drink what the system craves or thoroughly enjoys. If it is meat—eat that; if it is starchy elements eat potatoes and rice; if it is gluten and phospho rus—eat bread. If coffee is enjoyable and digesti-ble, drink coffee. If you do not like beans or fish touch neither, no matter what Dio Lewis or any other hobbyist preaches. The fol-de-rol of thes specialists is sometimes absurd and sometimes injurious. Dio Lewis, for instance, believes in eating but two meals in each twenty-four hours. Tell that to the "marines." It is like a good many other propositions, which when accepted in theory are rejected in practice as both impracticable and inconsistent with health and happiness.

SEASONABLE REFLECTIONS.

THIS is, to me, a sad and md melancholy sea-The youth, the vernal beauty of the year, are things of the past. The wealth of summer flowers, with their perfumy breaths, an dinfinite variety of form and coloring, lie prone upon the earth, their glory vanished, their mission ended! The branches of the fruit-trees are bare of fruit, and the umbrageous foliage of the sycamore and horse chestnut that afforded us such delicious shade from the hot rays of the sun in the long bright summer days, is no longer visible. Each bitter, frosty breath of wind robs the boughs more and more; the dry and almost colorless leaves come drifting by twos and threes down to the ground, with a rustling, eerie, melancholy sound, and one feels to one's heart inmost core,

that the year is dying—passing away.

The fields of golden grain are no longer in beauty before our eyes. The sickle has been at work, and laid the drooping pennons low; and the busy hand of the reaper has safely gathered the ripened sheaves into his barn.

And perhaps, since that corn was scattered into the soil, another Reaper has visited the homes of some of us, carrying away with him our fairest blossoms, our choicest seedlings, the kindly trees that sheltered us—just the plants that most gladdened our eyes, that we cherished with the tenderest care—in all our garden! heedless of our tears, our supplications, and prayers! God help and comfort those who have been so visited. Let us also be pitiful and sympathizing toward these afflicted ones, oh, my brothers and sisters. Only hard experience can teach how bitter is the trial to the loving heart, when the object of its closest and dearest affections is taken suddenly away from earthly sight and contact forever!

Ah me! what a blank in all things, when the beloved is gone. How we yearn with the whole strength of the soul's sad longing—the affection stronger than death—for tidings of the departed: for a look, a tone—just one word—to assure us that all is well with them-and yet, how dumbly, how utterly silent! how totally unheard, apparently, our imploring cries! The grave has covered from sight the well-remembered lineaments, and it seems to us at times, as if all hope on earth-even of heaven, were over. Our very faith is blinded by the darkness of our heavy sorrow, we are tossed on the stormy ocean of de-spair, and above and around, there is no light!

Oh, let us have compassion on these shattered hearts, and judge not too hardly, or contrast too complacently, their vavering faith with ours, which, if firm, may as yet, have been untried. God alone sees the struggle, the agony, and the temptation, and He will be merciful to all such suffering ones; let us endeavor to be so too. Doubtless, through prayer and patient resigna tion, the deep, surging waves will presently subside, and above the turmoil of the waters they will hear in their inner consciousness, the "still, small voice," say to them lovingly, "Peace, be still." Later, let us hope their fainting spirits will be cheered by our Savior's wn promise given to the Israelites journeying to the land of Canaan, "the land overflowing with milk and honey," a promise that still peaks to us in our pilgrimage, when we are wandering in darkness, and ready to sink into lespair; blessed words that help to sustain us,

and guide us back to "our Father." 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will

Yet another thought rises in our mind, suggested by this waning year. Does it not belioove ach and all of us, to look inward, to search our nearts, and learn, if possible, whither our spirit Have we progressed in knowledge, and, what is of far more importance, in goodness, during this year that is drawing near ts close! Have our hearts become full of love, our feelings more charitable to all men, and our earnest desire more constant to do right, and act always toward others, as we would wish them to act toward us, because we know this is true eligion, and that it is pleasing in the eyes of God? I do not mean mere surface kindness, and courtesy—the dead, outward forms prescribed by the laws of etiquette and good-breeding;] mean that all our actions should be swayed and prompted by real goodness of heart—not only at times when we are entertaining, or mixing in the company of our friends and neighbors, but that this goodness should permeate through all the daily minutiæ of our lives, be the mainspring of operation at all periods, and to all men.

The garment of true religion must be worn always, friends, in every season, at home and abroad; it must, if it be thoroughly woven, warm our hearts into deeds of kindness-it must open its benevolent folds to shelter the chilled and the famishing, to clothe the naked and the poverty-stricken-and to make a pillow for the weary; it will prove sufficiently ample to throw a vail of charity over the foibles and backslidings of the neighbor and the erringand it must so entirely cover us, that though and love of self will be merged completely beneath its warmly circling folds.

Have we worn this garment, think you, during the year that is waning? Let us ask ourselves the question, and if, after a candid investigation of our thoughts, actions and inward motives, we feel that, to some extent, we may answer in the affirmative, we have not lived in vain. But otherwise, the conviction should make us sad indeed, for it is a momentous truth that we never stand still. If we are not going orward in moral progress, we are retrograding This idea may not enter the thoughts of many careless pleasure-seekers, but to the earnest an truthful mind, it is one that is pregnant with a solemn warning. Our life is not our own; it is given to us each moment by the Only Source of life, the Lord, who at any hour may, in His Providence, see it well to call us hence. should we not often remember amid the busy scenes of the world those impressive words: "Watch and pray, for the night cometh when no man can work."

Let us strive to live each day as though it might be our last on earth, so will happiness and peace-the "peace that passeth all understanding"-be our blessed companions; and though the outer world of Nature may lose its brightness and beauty, its fragrance of summer nice" as though he had become a Wall flowers, and its wealth of autumn glory, yet both parties if we were allowed to load each

indeed!

Times of depression will sometimes assail our spirits' peace, as clouds will often cover the serene blue of the summer sky; but trusting in a Higher Power, resting not in well-doing—working for others—forgetting self—they will pass away; and, as we know the clear depths of the everlasting canopy are still beyond the vail of cloud—the tranquillity of a heart that is fixed above, and at peace with the world itself, will reappear. And when our eyes close for-ever on earthly scenes and sorrows, this rest and peace will continue with ever-increasing joy and blessedness through the boundless ages of Eternity. CAROLINE OLLIVANT.

COOD HUMOR.

"Ir is better to laugh than be sighing," so runs the air; and, what is better, it bears the stamp of truth. We Americans are a fun-loving people and patronize fun liberally when it is of the right stamp. The theater must have its comedian, the circus its "Mr. Merryman," and the paper its humorist. Laughter brings health. Whining breeds disease. If life were all tragedy and no comedy, there would be no occupation for the laugh-maker. The true humorist has as great a mission—and a far more difficult one, it strikes us-to fulfill as the poet He honors himself, his calling and his hearers too much to mix profanity with his mirth; vul-garity will never mar his fun, while his wit, though sharp and keen, will never be mingled with personality. He is careful never to make his fun hurt the feelings of others; he is never irreverent, never ungentlemanly, and is always companionable. But we labor under one great mistake when we imagine the funny man is al-ways lively himself; we think he is free from cares and troubles—that he never has his hours of pain. He is but mortal, after all, like the rest of us, and, while he is penning a humorous sketch about a raging toothache, he may be undergoing that dire infliction himself.

It is absurd for those who have for a com-

It is absurd for those who have for a companion the disagreeable one of Hypo to growl at those who indulge in hearty laughter, and deem them silly, for surely there is no treason in a good wholesome laugh, nor is there any harm in uttering a good joke. The laugher is rarely a mischief-plotter; his merry nature will not let him be an enemy.

If there is a how with fundowing spirit in a

If there is a boy with fun-loving spirit in a school, and he allows some of his good-natured wit to run into his composition, it is very wrong for his teacher to endeavor to crush that spirit out of him. It is the nature of some persons to be jolly, and we don't think it right to put such jollity down; it is the nature of others to be doleful and morose, and it would not be any harm to put some joviality into their compositions.

When people get "blue," they take too much physic and too many patent pills; a dose of good nature would be the best cure for their

Don't mope over your work; think of some funny incident to make you laugh while you are accomplishing it, and your task will seem the lighter. If "misery loves company," let it have some, but don't let it be of a doleful sort; it wants something to cheer and not to depres If you jam your finger while hammering down the carpet, it won't do you any good to howl about it, even if it does pain; better make the best of it; a laugh will cause you to forget

the pain, but crying will only make you feel the worse. Good-humor will make you run through the grooves of life smoother, and come out at the end of existence happier, and you will be missed ten times more than if you had lived the life of a surly and disagreeable misan F. S. F.

Foolscap Papers. My Late Duel.

Jones was the aggressor. I knew awful coward he was, and wouldn't stand fight, so I thought I would scare him to death by sending him a challenge. I was well aware he would not accept any thing of the kind, so ! sent it post-hasty He accepted it !!!

Accepted it with the most reckless coolness named the next day as the time, and intimated pistols without coffee. I think I never saw nan so rash. Certainly he did that. Think of it!

Pistols! Small hand-guns that shoot balls, palls made of uncompromising lead, that go through the ribs without tickling them much, and don't stop to repair damages.

I had plenty of time to take a second

thought of this affair, and I took a long one. I was sorry that I had declared war against ones, so suddenly, without even having a cabi net meeting to dissuade me from it, but it was too late, and I was so eager for the fight to come off, and so afraid that it might somehow eak out and the police get hold of it, and stor it, that I hastened down to the chief of police and told him I was going to fight a duel the next morning with Jones, and that I hoped h would not allow any of his men to interfere for the world, because I was too determined in this thing to be stopped now. I begged him not to arrest me before I got out of the room and put me under bonds to keep the peace, if he did find it necessary to arrest Jones. I didn't want him to do it. He smiled pleasantly and said, as he had great respect for my feelings, he would allow us to proceed as we wished. And I came away, thinking I had never seen such conde-

He was too partial, I think. Now I had never shot a pistol in my life, so I went straight down to the pistol-gallery and practiced seven hours, by the watch; near shooting two men and myself, but not the target. It just wouldn't be hit, but I put seve ral good holes in the ceiling, which would have been instant death to any man if he had been

Not being sleepy that night, I didn't sleep Occasionally during the night I thought of

the duel to take place in the morning. The next morning we were promptly on the ground, in the State of New Jersey. I went here in a carriage, and arrived there very soon, oo soon, I thought. The spot seemed distress ngly near the city, as it was only a two hours' I imagined that a year's journey would have been greatly better, under all cir-

I never liked to fight so near the city. Surgeons, seconds and principals were all promptly on the ground at the hour. I feared Jones would have some business to keep him nome, but he hadn't.

The pistols were produced, and I looked at them thoughtfully, and in my heart I pitied

The morning was chilly, the mist was not yet gone, and I thought how very soon Jones would be missed, too, and I trembled; I always was considerate As the seconds were about to load the pistols.

I suggested, merely by way of an intimation that it might be more mutually agreeable to street kite-flyer. May that good time hurry along! in our hearts will fertility and gladness and other's weapons. I wasn't very particular, but

thought it might be more satisfactory, and satisfaction was what we wanted.

This was not allowed, because they feared thereby we would get too many balls in and perhaps too little powder. So they loaded them.
I inquired if cork bullets were not as deadly

as lead ones, but was told they were not. It must have taxed the nerves of Jones awfully to keep as cool as he did; it was exas-

Everything was ready. The surgeons had a box of corks to plug up the bullet holes as soon as they were made.

I nonchalantly asked if it wasn't the rule under the new dueling code for the seconds to do the shooting, but learned it was not. We were to stand back to back, march straight out from each other thirty steps, and at the word, turn simultaneously around and

I said that I liked the marching away from each other well enough, but if they would not give the command to halt, it would be better; or if we couldn't do that, then we might fire in the direction we were going without the trou-

ble of stopping and turning around. They answered that they had to go by the

I said if that was the case, I would prefer blank cartridges, and to shoot away till one or the other starved to death.

They said the pistols were both well loaded with balls. Well loaded! Oh hollow mockery! They took a cast-iron stove door out from

under my vest, and another from Jones', and a few sections of stove-pipe from around our legs, and put us back to back. I whispered to Jones that I believed both our weapons shot dreadfully low, and it would be necessary to aim well up. We were to take thirty steps and the order was given to march. We marched.

There were more feet in my steps than you would ever imagine. I always aim to give good measure; I don't like to be stingy. At the word we both turned and fired, and

My surgeon and second ran to me, and I told them I was mortally wounded, and would never get over it. They said I was not struck. I assured them that Jones' bullet must have gone down my throat, and if Jones was satisfied, I could force myself to be also.

Jones thought my bullet was somewhere in his ear, though both bullets were all in the eye for I afterwards learned the seconds had loade the pistols heavily, and put the balls in their pockets for fear of something happening.

Well, we limped back, shook hands, and swore eternal friendship. Jones even said if l ever wanted to borrow fifty cents, at any time, without security, to come to him, and if he hadn't it, he would tell me where I could get it So much for the horrors of war.

Washington Whitzhorn.

Woman's World.

WORKING AND SAVING.

THERE is a vast difference between the two, working and saving; and where they can not go comfortably hand in-hand, the first is the preferable alternative in solving the problem of how to get along. It is always pleasanter to make new garments than to patch old ones, and, thanks to the forward spirit of the age, women are not confined nowadays to the old

routine of simply saving.

I doubt if our grandmothers were happier for the thrift which was their pride than are we of their descendants who can (arn a pair of stockings in the time they darned theirs, or pay for the making of a dress in a third of the time we could ourselves do the actual work. It is a grand innovation this which not only gives us the opportunity of following our own natural inclinations, but trains our tastes to the best of which we may be capable. Mothers need not sigh now that their children are not all boys, or value those only in proportion to their brawny arms and industrial energies. Real talent does not lie hidden in a napkin now; patrons are ready everywhere to en courage and draw it forth, and the drudgery of farm or factory is no longer imposed from dire necessity upon those geniuses who are bound to rise. Our Woman's World has broadened until scarcely a profession but is open to us. This is as it should be, for where woman has the ability she has gained the right to execute ousiness without the hue and cry of masculini ty raised against her. If she prefers sitting a the desk, going about and healing the sick pleading cases, or reporting daily news, to be ng mistress, scullery-maid and cook in her own house-if she can make money enough to hire that domestic labor well done, and at the same time perhaps add to home comforts, and be fresher for the home evenings in the society of husband and children than if household cares had weighed upon her during the day. who can say it is not wise to choose the better

and more congenial pursuit?

We can not all choose, to be sure. The art of saving must be practiced among the poorer classes, where the outer work-day world offers no remedy, but too often that very art is broad wastefulness. The truest economy consists in buying the best of all articles. The poor must clothe themselves with inferior fabrics, the work of making which is as much as need be placed upon a better article that would outwear two such, and is scarcely more than made until yielding threads require watchfulness and mending to keep it whole. And the loss of satisfaction, too, is great. Every flimsy material will early lose its freshness, it fades in the wash and in the sun, it is limp and lacks uster, and fails to impart that self-respect which thoroughly genteel, not necessarily fine, garments have it in their power to impart. A good strong fabric, well made, is pretty apt to emulate the "one hoss shay;" it will look well as long as it lasts, it wears long and equally, and is serviceable until consigned to the ruin of time. Only the very poor can afford to buy a cheap article, as some writer has truthfully said before. To save pennies by do ing so is to waste time and work and strength little wonder that our housewives in straitened circumstances are never forehanded with their Neither are the more comfortably situated

always wise in their expenditures. One wo man will buy a summer silk because it is so cheap, only a dollar a yard, and pride herself on saving the amount, except the trimmings by doing the whole season's sewing. The trimmings, no unimportant item, cost as much as one of those neat cheap suits of linen or percale that are twice as serviceable as the silk. and to any good taste, knowing the circumstances, by far more becoming and appropriate Fortunate woman if the long siege at the machine and stooping over the tedious "finishings" does not result in headaches and side pains, neglected until a doctor's bill swells the cost of that cheap silk.

Work and save" is a praiseworthy maxim. but work rather than save applies more pertinently in our day.

Notes of admiration—love-letters.

Readers and Contributors.

fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclease. able alsS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in package marked as "Book MS."—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS, of squal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write ou both sides of a best. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to meare well worthy of mee.—All experienced and pop-lar writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.— Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to

The following contributions we must decline, viz.:
"Story of a Detective;" "Have Charity;" "Clementina and Tiny;" "An Old Man's Dream;" "The Old Homestead;" "Out in the Country;" "Raven Plume;"
"Reminiscence of the War;" "Bobby's Christmas Eve;" "Sadie's Revenge;" "Woman's Independence;"
"Down by the Brooklet."

We will find place for the following: "Feeding the Sparrows:" "Life's Bunshine;" "Wife's Love;" "I Bring You Leaves;" "Death of Old Year;" "Gentrude;" "A Half-yard of Alpaca;" "The Bravery of Love;" "How She Lost Her Lover;" "His Just Deserts;" "Who was to Blame?" "Dreams;" "The Old and the New;" "The Passing Hour;" "Miss Shoddy's Reception."

B. S. We do not want any more 4th page essays. MERCHANT. Consult your physician by all means. P. F. S. You are hardly yet qualified to write for the

H. V. C. We do not use translations of any kind. G. C. H. Write to A. S. Barnes & Co., Publishers, New O. R. E. Discovered the non-originality of the contributions and destroyed them. Such attempts at imposition are discreditable.

H. D. H. "Oulda" is a woman. Women have writen some of the most questionable books in English and French literature, we are sorry to state. CURLEY. A knowledge of English Grammar brings with it a knowledge of punctuation. No one can write successfully for the press without a perfect knowledge of

Jas. Carson. We have no set price for a "Dime" manuscript. Its value to us can only be determined by

Miss T. Marshall. Answered you by letter to the direction given, but letter comes back marked "no such B. F. H. As we already have said, we are in nowise concerned in advertisers and their wares. If we think they are humbuge or worse their advertisements are refused peremptorily. We will lay your letter before the person named.

Ambition. There is no possible way to gain admit-tance to the commissioned ranks of the U.S. Army save through West Point. The curriculum of study is there quite elaborate. We could not give space to the cata-

ST. LOUIS. We can not examine your "play." Judging by your note we should think it simply impossible for you to produce any work that any manager would examine. You can only "study for the stage" by obtaining some minor position at some theater.

MRS. PETER S. Strained honey will not "candy" if a tablespoonful of cream tartar, dissolved in water, be mixed with a gallon of honey when it is scalding hot. Care must be taken not to scorch the honey. That will greatly injure its flavor.

MOTURE We know of a good remedy for whoming

MOTHER. We know of a good remedy for whooping cough, but it is hardly available at this season, viz: take plantain leaves; wash and bruise them well; now strain them through a cloth, and sweeten with hone; for an adult one tablespoonful is a dose. This is well worth preserving, for many a child has the cough when the plantain is obtainable.

H. F. The sand around your door can be hardened by watering with soap-sums. This is better than to mix slay with the sand, for it forms, eventually, a cemented surface that will resist even frost. Try it.

HOUSE, No. 2. We see nothing especially bad in your case. If the girl is false-hearted treat her with a quiet contempt. Or, recite to her Pretzel's anathema, of which this is a strain:

Vas all der young vomans so false-headed like you, Mit a face nice und bright, und a heart black und blue, Und all der vhile -chwearin' you lofed me so true, Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

However rude she may have been to you, don't be rude in return. A gentleman is never rude to any woman.

SEA CAT. For a cold in the head—grin and bear it. A pinch of Scotch snuff now and then for a sneeze may give relief.—The "national instrument" of the United States is a jack-knite, or, possibly, the horn—for here every one blows his own horn.

every one blows his own horn.

WILD CAT. Dr. Ure's recipe for a good black ink is as follows; for 12 gallons take 12 lbs. brnised galls; 5 lbs. gram; 5 lbs. green sulphate iron. (vitriol), and 12 gallons rain-water. Boil the galls in nine gallons of the rain-water for three hours; adding fresh water to supply that lost in vapor. Let this decoction then settle and cool, and draw off the clear liquor. Then add the gum, previously dissolved it 1% gallons of the rain-water; now dissolve the green vitriol in the remaining 1% gallons of water and mix the whole thoroughly. It is ready for instant use, and is a very superior ink—the whole 12 gallons costing less than two dollars.

Miss F. L. Your gold watch-chain is costly made.

gallons costing less than two dollars.

Miss F. L. Your gold watch-chain is easily made bright again. Put the chain in a small glass boille. Make a good warm suds which will half fill the bottle. Add to the suds a little powdered chalk. Then turn the suds in the bottle, cork tight, and give the chain a good shaking. The friction against the glass polishes the gold, and the soap and chalk extract every particle of grease and dirt from the interstices of a chain of the most intricate pattern; rinse it in clear cold water, wipe with a towel, and the polish will surprise you.

L. Sawyer. The coldest hour of the twenty-four that L. SAWYER. The coldest hour of the twenty-four that comprise the day, is usually five o'clock in the morning, while the warmest is from two to three in the after-

walford mason asks now much of an iceberg is above, and how much below the surface of the water? That depends upon the size of the iceberg, but, as a general thing, one-seventh only rises above the water, the balance being wholly submerged. Hence, an iceberg 200 feet in hight has 1200 feet beneath the water. This hidden mass sometimes extends far from the apparent base of the berg—so that vessels always keep well away from the fey mass.

CARTER. There are 1.000 different religions in the world, and 8.642 different languages spoken, as we already have stated.

D. S. P. The ancient Persians gave the right hand in token of speaking the truth, and to do so deceitfully was considered a most heinous crime. Pity we had not, nowadays, some of this ancient regard for personal intensity.

Legrity.

QUINCEY. Swearing was certainly considered irreverent by the ancients, for Plutarch says, "Sorrligious was Hercules"—who lived some thirteen centuries before Christ—"that he never swore but once." The Hebrew oath was merely the expression, "As the Lord liveth." Of the first introduction of oaths we have no certain account, but swearing was a habit as far back as the time of Abraham, though, nowadays, it is reduced by profans men to an almost scientific immorality and baseness. It is not only a debasing practice but has no excrese for it. It adds nothing to the strength of passion-expression that good, honest words would not offer.

Wateren C. Regarding measurement, we refer you to

that good, honest words would not oner.

WALTER C. Regarding measurement, we refer you to
the following statistics: an English mile contains 12,000
paces; a German mile 4,000 paces; a Swedish and Danish mile 5.000 paces; a Scotch mile 1,500 paces, and a
Prussian mile only 750 paces. There is also a difference in the yard and foot measure in all countries in the world. The need of a uniform of standard weights, measures and distances is so great and uniformity is so desirable, that the so-called "Metric System" will undoubtedly prevail throughout the civilized world in another generation.

Warson B. L. The "marine league" is three miles seaward from the coast, and the jurisdiction of a country extends a marine league from its shores. Beyond that it is the "High Seas," wherein all vessels are free from molestation save beliggerents, in time of war.

LESTER H. We have before stated that leap-years are hose that can be divided evenly by 4; but to this rule s the exception of all the centesimal years, which can ob be divided by 400 without a remainder. ANTHONY LAWRENCE. A man of five feet six inches in hight, standing upon a level ground, can see about three miles distant.

Dr. D. G. L. It was Dr. Hutton who computed the carth's total density to be 5.24 times that of water, or about half that of silver; while La Place, to reconcile attraction to facts, estimated the sun as ebony, Mercury as equal to fluid quicksilver, Venus to zinc, Mars to dismond, Jupiter to milk, saturn to fir, and Herschel to

LOYD. You are mistaken; Japan was not discovered MECHANIC. Coal was not used as fuel until the year 239, when it was discovered to be ignitible and made erviceable in England.

INQUIRER. A horse is averaged in strength to that of six men. An ass equals the strength of two men.

THEODORE S. It is the wolf, not the bear, that has the peculiarity of never passing under a hedge or fence. Doubtless instinct causes him to dread a trap. ALFRED L. The "unico.n" of the Jews is believed to have been the rhinoceros.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear

ELEVEN YEARS AGO.

BY FRANK M. IMBRIE.

"Eleven years ago to-night, love!"
My voice seemed strangely sweet,
My heart was filled with throbbing thoughts
My lips could not repeat.
Softly he parted shading carls
To kiss my upturned lace:
"Darling must tell me all the thoughts
That in her heart have place."

"Eleven years ago to-night, love,
I claimed the name of wife,
I bade adien to a maiden's dream
For a woman's real life.
We linked our fates together, dear,
When youth's horizon shone
With brightsome, beckoning stars of hope
Lit by love's power alone.

"Eleven years ago to-night, love,
I trembled at the thought
Of unknown, untried years to come
With joy or sorrow fraught.
How tenderly you soothed each fear,
Making sad visions seem
So groundless in the love you bore
Your bride of scarce sixteen."

Heven years ago to-night, love?
I scarce can think it so—

I scarce can think it so—
Oh, darling, how the years have gone
Since that bright long ago.
Iloved you fondly then, my own,
But that faint passion fades,
Beneath the life-love that I bear
The mother of my babes!"

What came of a Snow-Storm.

BY MARY REED CROWELL

HOWARD ROCHESTER leaned back in the crimson rep arm chair that was drawn in de-lightful proximity to the illuminated Morning Glory in his mother's sitting-room; he recrossed his feet on a chair before him, and took several extra puffs at his meerschaum before he opened the uncut pages of "Picturesque Amer-

"This is pleasant, isn't it, Mollie?" He turned lazily toward his sister, who sat at her sewing-machine.

"I think so," and she looked back at him with a smile. "But I think, too, if it was your own house and you were its master, and a certain young lady I might mention were its mis tress, you might find it pleasanter still."

Howard laughed. "There you go again ! as if I was cut out for a married man."

Nobody ever was cut out better, Howard; for a good son and a kind brother can not fail to make the right kind of a husband. That's

Mary Rochester looked over at her brother with pardonable pride in her bright eyes, for Howard Rochester was just the handsomest fellow, and the best fellow to be found far and near. It wasn't the home folks alone who thought so-and how precious is the commendation of the family, who, while they know all our good traits as well see the less enviable ones—and "Mollie," as Howard called her, in that sweet, caressing way he had, was not the only young lady who agreed with people on the subject of Howard Rechester—a certain "other," whom Molly declared she might mention if she

"See here," and Howard lifted himself up in the chair and watched the smoke-wreath float up, "Mollie, honor bright, do you want me to get

"Do I? as if I haven't been preaching it for these two years.' "But, for the life of me, I can't see who

there is to have me. Come, now, sis, who is that mysterious young lady you have several times hinted at?" He was watching her with a quizzing expression on his face.

Well," began Mary, but Howard interrupt-

Hold on a minute! I tell vou beforehand I don't want her if she's going to be 'beautiful,' 'refined,' 'intelligent,' 'graceful.' If she is such a paragon of perfection, I'm sure the air would become so rarified I could not breathe

Mary flushed a little; for she was jealous of her friend's graces; then she shook her head defiantly.

"You outrageous critic, I shall tell the truth, for she is the most beautiful, graceful, refined, intelligent girl I ever saw. Moreover, her name is charming beyond expression."
Howard made a grimace.

How then are you to express it to me? I'd

Mary laughed. "Howard, you're awful! Well, it is Lil-

"Lillene, eh? That's good. Lillene what?"
Mary's voice suddenly lost its mischievous tones, and she arose from her machine to lay her hand on Howard's hair.

"I thought you'd recognize her by my description. I mean Miss Anderson."

But she was not prepared for the start he gave, nor the swift look of—what was it? Not anger, or shame, or disappointment, but a ming-ling of the three was in that shade that swept across his face. Then he deliberately got up from his chair.

Thanks, Mollie. I shall not marry Miss Lillene Anderson. Why, is it snowing?"
And Mary went back to her sewing, wondering what the trouble was. Why did Howard

resent it so? he never had seen Lillene Anderson, and Mary was sure he had always admired her letters, and she remembered more than one merry message she had passed between the two. And now-well, all her delightful scheming seemed about to fall to pieces, and after all, she would not have Lillene for a sister.

And to think that Lillene was that very minute on her way to the Rochesters, for a visit during which Mary had so hoped Howard would fall in love with her. And the sewing-machine wheel went flying round faster than was its wont; and I am fain to confess its motive power was strongly flavored with that spice

" I am sure I don't see what on earth we are going to do, Lillene! Here it is, snowing so fast that we can hardly see the horses' heads. and the wheels of the carriage blocked so we can not get a half-mile further."

Miss Anderson turned a remarkably sour visage toward the fresh, rosy-cheeked girl who

sat opposite her.
"Is it so bad as that, auntie? Let me get out and survey the condition of affairs. How

far is it to Mrs. Rochester's ?" Lillene raised her sweet, clear voice to the cab-driver-a slow-coach sort of fellow, but

the best attainable at the village depot. The answer-three miles-was in nowise calculated to improve the view Miss Anderson took of the occasion

Three miles! we'll be interesting specimens of female humanity to be presented to Mr. Rochester, by the time we get there, snowdrabbled and ill-tempered.

Lillene had sprung from the carriage, and was standing on a comparatively bare spot of earth from which the eddying snow had drift-The keen north wind brought brilliant

"Do get in, and let us get on as fast as we can. So far as I am concerned, I needn't care for Mr. Rochester's criticism. He knows what am, at my best."

Lillene laughed a little, and flushed a little. Why, auntie, when have you and How-Mr. Rochester ever met?" Miss Anderson smiled severely upon her.

"Don't call him 'Howard,' child, when I, whose correspondence and picture he wrote to solicit, address him 'Mr.' He stands a firstrate chance to be your 'uncle,' one of these

Somehow, Lillene could not laugh at the utter ridiculousness of her aunt's picture; somehow, the storm suddenly seemed to increase in discomfort, and she began to wish she was not going to meet this Mr. Howard Rochester, who, it seems, had opened a correspondence with aunt Lillena, and obtained her picture, too! and who, she felt obliged to confess, had crept into her own foolish heart, quite unawares; both by means of his card that Mary had sent, by his own messages, and his sister's

It was singular that he should have written to aunt Lillena; how had he heard of her, or-Then the Jehu on the box sprung down, and there came a cheery ring of sleigh-bells beside them; and they saw a team of prancing horses, a large double-sleigh, and handsome Howard

The driver poked in his head. "It's a streak o' luck, ladies, that we met Mr. Rochester. Here's his own conveyance, right to the door.

Howard bowed gayly.
"Ladies, I am delighted to be of service. May I assist you to a place in my sleigh, Miss Lillene?"

He extended his hand to Miss Anderson, but Lillene laughed, and reached out her hand, then drew it back, half confused, as she met his face, first grave, then full of utter surprise that deepened into an expression of decided ad-

miration "Oh! you said Lillene! I thought you meant me.

She laughed, and gave place to her aunt, who smiled and simpered, and stepped in. A curious smile was on Howard's face as he very tenderly helped the roguish-faced girl in, and tucked the buffalo-robes snugly about her;

while the elder lady looked grimly on. "I had no idea you had an aunt by the same name," he said to the little nestling figure beside him; "but I am delighted to learn it is a fact, because I have been the most miserable of men on account of it. Shall I tell vou ?"

So, dashing through the blinding snow-storm, Howard told her how, so enraptured with her messages through Mollie, he had made bold to write to "Miss Lillene Anderson "-never dreaming there was another-and beg a correspondence, and her picture; and how there had come the counterpart of the sharp-nosed lady who sat behind them, and a letter whose gushing rhapsodies were unpleasant.

So that, by the time they drove up to the gate, Lillene and Howard had left acquaint-anceship very far back indeed; and when Mol-lie came running to meet them, in such a surprise of delight, she knew by Howard's face that the chances of having Lillene for a sister were not so bad, after all.

It was all explained, later; and when, a year after, Howard called Miss Lillene Anderson auntie," Mrs. Howard felt strongly tempted to remind her of the difference between it and her own self calling him "uncle

And I am happy to add, she resisted the temptation.

WILMA WILDE,

The Doctor's Ward: THE INHERITANCE OF HATE.

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON. AUTHOR OF "CORAL AND RUBY." "ADRIA. THE ADOPTED,"
"THE CRECLE WIFE," "STRANGELY WED." "CECIL'S
DECEIT," "MADAME DURAND'S PROTEGES,"
"THE FALSE WIDOW," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE WESTMORELAND HOME.

For one of the not frequent times of his entire indolent life, Erle Hetherville was up with the sunrise. He was all ready for departure, furred overcoat, traveling-cap, gloves half-way on, and his cigar-case in a convenient outside pocket, as a maid-servant tapped at the door

and entered with a little tray in her hands.
"There's coffee served in the breakfast-room if you would prefer it, Mr. Hetherville. Miss Erle is taking a cup in her own room, and the housekeeper sent this up to you. If you will come down to the breakfast room you can have oysters and an egg and muffins or rolls and no trouble whatever, with plenty of time. Miss Erle hopes you'll not mind that she's not down, and would advise you to take a light breakfast at least, sir.

"Very good of Miss Erle, but I fancy I can endure a couple of hours' ride by rail sustained by a cup of coffee well as she. None of the family are stirring yet, I presume?"

He pulled off one glove and took up the cup of fragrant old Java, richly creamed as he liked it, the cup a great thin globe of china. Say what you may, a draught is always sweeter for being daintily served, and Erle, who, a moment before, would have declared it an impossibility to swallow any thing, sipped the contents with lazy relish, looking at the distorted reflection of himself in miniature thrown back by the inner surface of the gold spoon.

'Not yet. That is, no one but Miss Wilma; she came down to see that the coffee was made, and has taken Miss Erle's to her room now. Miss Erle will be ready and the carriage at the door in half an hour. Will you have any thing

"Thank you, nothing." He put down his cup and the girl went away with the tray.
"No wonder my coffee was delicious," he thought. "A half-hour yet; well, surely something may be done in a half-hour."

He went down the stairs three at a time a half-minute later, and out upon the frosty avenue where the leafless trees rattled stiff branches and the early sun slanted his early roseate lances. There was elixir in the air that morning, stiff, bracing, healthful, and Erle squared his fine shoulders and drew in full aspirations as he hurried along the silent thorough-fare. Not silent for long. Those blessings of poor men's travel, the street-cars, rumbled near at hand, and as he passed a corner came upon a group of gathered workmen, tin dinner-pails in hand, with others hurrying from alleys and side-streets. He took a car along with them, and stood balancing himself upon the rear platform, glancing in at the crowded interior and the rows of plain, intelligent faces present-

brown eyes. She was a picture, and Miss Anderson saw what grace and beauty there were in it, and then she snapped out again:

was such a delightful maxim to put into practice. Talk of tonics in comparison with the air, or of spirit-revivers in the same breath with a race down to Federal street and back again under circumstances such as these." The halfsmile about the bearded mouth, the genial glow in his cheeks might have confined his happy spirits to a smaller scope still, might have summed the Alpha and Omega of all his exuber ance in one word-Wilma.

He sprung down from the car as it turned into Federal street and crossed to the market, jostling his way through the crowd of early buyers to one of the numerous flower-stands lining the square. The vender was a boy, small and spare-faced and delicate-looking as any of the fragile plants over which he hover-The boy's pale face brightened at sight of Hetherville.

"Good-morning, Oscar, my boy! So you are at your post already, and give satisfaction, I

"I hope so, sir. You're too late for the early lot of bouquets, all sold out, and the best ones not come over yet."

"That is a pity as I have neither time to go on to the store nor to wait here. I can trust to your selection, I suppose. One of your hand-somest moss-baskets with fragrant cut flowers not so delicate as to wither all at once—pinks and pansies and mignonette and the like. write the address for you-Miss Wilma Wilde, No. — Western avenue. I beg your pardon, sir, but it's a deuce of a jam here."

In stepping back he had jostled a tall, sol-dierly-looking man who was loitering in an idle way about the market and had paused at his elbow, his eyes after one sharp, scrutinizing glance over the young man's form were fixed upon the flower-stand.

"No apology. A man gets used to rough passages by the time he reaches forty and knocks about over half the known globe. Erle, with no time to spare and a parting cau-tion—"Don't neglect, Oscar, and as early as may suit your convenience"—was off again.

The tall man pressed close to the little flow-

"One of your regular customers, that?" he inquired. "A gentlemanly young fellow."
"A customer at the house, sir. He got me my situation here only two days ago. young lady that I'm to take the flowers to had been kind to me when I had only little roots and herbs to peddle, and when she stopped to speak to me in the street and told him all she knew of me, he just took one good look and asked where I might be found again. That very day he comes back and gives me a written recommendation and says he has spoken to the florist who has the great establishment on Market street, and he hopes I'll do my best because of the young lady who was the means of get ting me into the place. He gave me so money to make myself more respectable than I was then, and said he'd look out to order his

was then, and said he'd look out to order his bouquets of me. I like the work, and it's doing me good already; I've been weakly-like, and you're right in saying he's a gentleman. Young Mr. Hetherville, his name is."

"And your young lady is Miss Wilma Wilde, of No. — Western avenue," glancing at the card which the boy had put down as he referred to his order-book. "I'll take one of these sprigs of myrtle for my buttonhole—so! Never mind the change. Good-morning, my lad!" nind the change. Good-morning, my lad!" He laid down a piece of silver and turned

away with a half-embarrassed glance down at the decoration which was apparently novel to his tall, muscular strength and soldierly bear-

"Enough sight better than peddling roots and herbs and getting kicks and cuffs about the streets," soliloquized the pale little flower-boy. "I get more kind words in a morning now than I had in a month then, and blessings on the

sweet young lady that's done it all!"

Erle, walking rapidly back, reached the mansion with the last minute of the half-hour to find his aunt in the hall surrounded by bundles and bags and baskets, all the paraphernalia inspensable to feminine travel, the carriage at the door and a frown upon her face which cleared at sight of him.

"Oh, there you are, Erle. And we haven' two minutes to spare. You men always do wait for the last one, and then rush off at a way fit to break your necks. If you'll just take some of these and give me your arm down the

some of these and give me your arm down the steps, and—why, where's your valise?"

"All right; not a minute to spare, my dear aunt," responded Erle, catching her up and bearing her bodily to be placed in the waiting

carriage. "And all these traps—pne carriage. anyhow at all, I suppose."

He made a dash back into the hall for some package left, but his hasty glance around failed to reveal the sweet, wistful little face of which had hoped to obtain a parting view. Miss Erle had taken good care of that. Her own leave-taking with Wilma had been done above, and she profusely disclaimed having the other descend at all. The discovery of Erle's absence at the last minute gave her a thrill of alarm, which changed to relief with his appearance from without. That fear of some bitter disappointment was making her nervous; she was cherishing the possibility until it began to take a Gorgon shape in her view. In her secret heart she felt that Ethel might have displayed a trifle less indifference in giving her farewell in the presence of the family after the other guests had departed on the preceding night. that she would have sacrificed no maiden re serve by coming down this morning for a last arting word. But, at the same time, had she found her nephew lingering for a farewell with Wilma she would have most sternly resented such disloyalty as her active fears could discover toward his betrothed. That Erie would most willingly have exposed himself to the reproach was fortunately not displayed as prima facie evidence, and Miss Erle's ruffled equani-

nity grew calm again. A few hours later they sat over a late break-fast in the old Erle mansion, shut in by West-moreland hills, and overlooking the straggling

Westmoreland village.
"Home again," sighed the lady in thankful aspiration. It's true as gospel, Erle:

Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!' Even Hetherlands would never have the same charm for me that clings to every corner and crevice of the old nest here. Home! you are just in a fair way to find a realization of the It requires home affection to give that. "I'm not shut off from all sense of the word then, my dear aunt. Really, you are right; I turn longingly to my dear ones left at Hether-

"My dear companions, home affections, and the like. How poor Junius must miss me! And Jupiter and Pluto, and Lucifer himself, I fancy. Even poor wind-blown little Gabriel,

'Erle, what on earth!" "Only my dogs and my horses, and the little pet niggers, dear old auntie. So fond of me as hey all are, upon my word it's rather remark able considering how particularly lazy I have managed to keep them all.'

'You are thoroughly incorrigible on that and all practically useful heads, I do believe. It's a mercy there's to be a change, and I do hope scarlet hues to her cheeks, and added to the fair picture she made by tossing her flossy hair over her white forehead and into her beautiful I had no idea that 'up in the morning early' things to rights at Hetherlands."

A shadow came over Erle's face. He rose hastily, pushing his chair back, and crossed to stand on the broad, old-fashioned, red-tiled hearth. A wood fire flamed in the ample throat of the chimney, and he looked into the leaping blaze with steady, absent eyes. His aunt followed and stead heards here here fair of the chimney, and he looked into the leaping blaze with steady, absent eyes. His aunt followed and stood beside him, patting her fair, wrinkled hand upon his sleeve.

"There, never mind the old woman's inter-

ference, my dear boy. It's not natural that you and I should think alike, a spinster of three-score, and a fine young fellow of twentyfour, the greatest contrasts to be found in the world. Ethel will understand what is right better than I, be sure of that. And now I am going to see that the dear boy's old room is quite in order for him. It is always kept in readiness, and Prudence has had fires there for a week, according to my instruction. Do you care to come along?"

"My dear aunt, how sorry I am to disap point you. Poor Prudence, too, will scarcely be persuaded to forgive the cold shoulder I must give her attentions. The truth is, I am to

return by the afternoon train."
"Erle!" screamed his aunt, aghast. "It is very important, or you should know would not insist. I could not think of leaving yo to make the trip alone, or the matter demand ing my presence should not have been deferred to this hour. My dear aunt, you'll never find it in your heart to forgive me, I'm afraid, but I mean to break with Ethel."

"Erle?" It was not a scream this time, but the lowest and slowest of shocked utterances. "We will both be the better off for that which it is my duty to do. I am confident Ethel never could be happy with me as she may be, as it is her lot to deserve. But I-oh! aunt Erle—can never be happy with any one, can never know any happiness after this except with Wilma. Oh, aunt Erle! thank God with me that we are not all made miserable by the

iscovery coming too late." Miss Erie seemed turned to stone. She stood looking with coldly horrified eyes upon him, her fair wrinkled face turned hard, the soft white hair which had shaded her forehead and the years of hope and pride which she had upon the fact of this projected marriage all laid waste in a moment, were like sharp pangs of remorse present with him.

"Say at least you will try to pardon me this which is so great a disappointment to you, aunt Erle. It is so much the best for all of us; I can't plead for any thing less than that. It is

my worst pain seeing you bear it so."
"You don't mean it, Erle, Erle! you surely don't mean it. With the pride of the Hether-villes and the Erles running in your veins you can't intend any thing so dishonorable. I've got a nightmare on me; I'm surely never awake in my own senses and my boy telling me

"I am sure of Ethel; if I were not I would sacrifice myself rather than her. She will be happier in her restoration to freedom, and, oh, dear aunt! all the world would not weigh in

the scale against my love for Wilma."
It was only the same form of words lovers have used in a million cases before, but with Erle's rapt face before her, with his blue eyes so steadfast and earnest, tender and grave, that she could scarcely reconcile their change from then bold, laughing, defiant, she knew that ev-ery word had its echo in his soul. Knew how strong his determination was under his remorse at causing her this grief; knew that word or act of hers would never turn him from his own decision of right. She sat down without a word, and her silence, the cold horror stamped upon her face yet, the shock of the disappointment which he knew was possessing her, struck im with keener reproach than more demon-

strative grief would have done.
"You will believe that it is for the best when ou see the end," he said, gently. "Don't think too harshly of your boy—your own boy the same as ever if you will let him be so. And the little Wilma who, God willing! shall be ner own sake. If I could take back a message of your kindness to her-if I might have the

urance you are not changed toward me!"
'Not changed? Erle, Erle! I fear me I am so changed I shall never know my own self

And, indeed, that impenetrable ice of reserve dropped so suddenly about her neither melted nor moved while he remained. She was stiff and still and silent, making no attempt to check him when he talked to her, not saying much and to so little purpose that he soon desisted and was simply quietly attentive until his hour for departure ca

"One thing I ought to say, I suppose," she emarked then as he stooped to kiss her withered cheek. "I always meant to make you my heir, Erle, not that you needed any thing more out of kith and kin of mine you are the last,

" Now, aunt Erle, there shall be no question of your disposal of any thing. At least one flaw which has troubled me before this shall have gone from between us. I never want

any thing but the old love back again."

He went then more sorrowful and gloomy, and threat thed by dismal forebodings, than his happy spirit of the morning could have deemed

The ice did not break about Miss Erle even Nor yet later when Prudence, the old housekeeper and confidential manager for half rest. her life of more perhaps than Miss Erle's do mestic affairs, came to her with a troubled and anxious face.

"There's symptoms of a sickness down in the village," she said; "signs that I don't like in the least. It's come among the Biffins, that great family of little children, smothered in two close rooms together. No wonder they take every disease that's going, You'll have to get along without me, Miss Erle. I'm going down there to take the matter in hand before it gets the chance of a sweep, and the best of

CHAPTER XV. A RESEMBLANCE.

ETHEL looked more than ever pale and distrait, was more than ever quiet and appetiteless at the breakfast table that same morning. Not one to wear her heart openly upon her sleeve, this fair petted darling of two seasons' favor found not her least mortification in her own self-humiliation. With that as an inward reproach, with her woman's pride not proof against defeat yet sustaining itself to all except her own heart, this listless, silent Ethel movin about the rooms was not at all the embodiment of one's ideal belle who has reigned undisputed through a short triumphant term and is about to end her brilliant course by the brilliant marriage expected of her.
"Ethel is all right," thought Mr. Richland,

in one of his complacently observant moods. "She feels the difference with Erle's absence let me warrant, for, however little disposed our the popular fashion, there's more of the true ring of the metal under all than she has cared in the bright light of day with his careless preto acknowledge. A very long absence may conquer love, but a short one is more apt to prove hinting of no depths. it. It has all been as I foresaw; Erle's coming "Les pauvres Bohem

advise a long season of travel and sight-seeing before they return to it. Gaslight and hot air and late hours will ruin any woman's looks, I suppose, if persisted in, though Gertrude stands them admirably. But then Gertrude is incom-

parable among women."
His complacent reflections were very comforting to Mr. Richland. The world, always disposed to treat him kindly, had for so long a time been his humble devotee that he quite overlooked the probability of any different phase ever being presented to him. His own comfort had been so well assured that it was quite out of all reason to contemplate any worse disaster than the small daily annoyances which are the gnats to buzz in the faces of the best and the greatest. His old unyielding pride and his individual satisfaction were both to receive a prop through the consummation of this alliance in every way so well calculated to gratify all concerned.

Ethel, reading all this in his kindly face, was pierced more deeply yet by that rambling pain within, as she steeled herself closer still to her wn resolution. Come anguish to her own neart, come bitter humiliation and lasting concealed rebellious sentiment, she would not disappoint Howard, she would keep faith with Erle Hetherville in all except her hidden inner

But oh, Ethel! Had Justin Lenoir's deep, earnest eyes looked into yours, had his lips formed the word and his voice said it ever o softly-"come," what then of the firm will to override all temptation? Is ever any resolution to be trusted, which has no depth of neart for its foundation? Yet with all the knowledge that should be ours the same game of cross-purposes goes on daily and hourly, and east often with the fair, happy termination of

setting all straight.
It was after ten when the pale little flowervender made his appearance, "For Miss Wilde," and the fragrant package carefully inclosed was given into Wilma's hands. She knew in a moment from whom it came while her fingers were yet busy with the silver paper enfolding it, before the little card with her address in Erle's writing assured her beyond a doubt. And conscientious little Wilma, her heart swelling with the proof of his tender remembrance, dropping her face over the fragrant mass for the briefest space, only drew away with the quick contraction which was a certain sign of troubled feeling appearing in her fore-

"I have no right to receive them," she was thinking. "I would not-oh! for all the world, I would not be the cause of bringing orrow to Miss Ethel. I was wrong without knowing at the first; now that I know, I must do all I can to put the wrong right. But oh! you darlings! And he sent you to me. Wilma, Wilma! remember they should have come to

And thus bringing herself to a reminder of her own strict sense of duty, Wilma detached the little card, and, taking the moist moss basket with its burden of bloom, went up to Ethel's

"From Mr. Hetherville," she said, as she

placed it quietly.
"And for once Mr. Hetherville has made an error of taste, I am afraid," Ethel remarked, glancing at it, in nowise aroused from her list-less indifference. "I have heard him say that the proper way is to choose flowers in character with their recipient. White roses and japonicas and calla lilies have characterized his choice for me before this, and I confess to rather disapproving of the change." Her white hand went carelessly over the mass, great loving-eyed pansies, sweet spice-pinks, blush rosebuds and modest mignonette, but turned away withyou like, Wilma. In fact, Erle's theory would suit them to you far the best, and their green-

nouse fragrance gives me a headache." A heartache more likely, as a reminder of how the "eternal fitness of things" was being marked in the case of them two

Wilma took them away, that tremulous happiness at her heart as she thought what a delicate, far-reaching sympathy it was to distinguish itself so unmistakably. "Surely I may keep them now," she thought,

not as coming from him but as Miss Ethel's There was another ring at the bell presently, and Mr. Crayton was shown into the parlor where the ladies had gathered, Mrs. Richland ying idly back in her chair, Ethel with some retension of work in her hands, and Wilma ading aloud—as totally diverse a trio as

might be often found tenderly attached as these three had grown to be. "This is an inexcusable breach of etiquette, of course," said the reporter after the first greeting. "Won't you ladies show forgiveness of it by not letting my presence disturb you in the least? I haven't the faintest shadow of an excuse for intruding, I may as well tell you at first. The lawlessness of us Bohemians is our only aw, though I promise not to make a repetition if this is an offense. Truth is, chancing into the neighborhood the law of attraction did the

"You are very welcome," Mrs. Richland assured him, with that true courtesy which does not distinguish between guests. "You see for courself that we accept your permission, Mr. Crayton, and receive you quite without cere-

"You'd be amused to see what sort of receptions I do get sometimes. I don't suppose you have any idea of what a powerful level our newspaper world is under your stratum of society. The reporter who is called in under the gaslights to take notes of a grand glitter, a smash and a jumble to be separated into so many descriptions of toilettes and mingling shades with plentiful interspersions of aigrettes and coronets, cluster curls and pompadour braids, of magnificent parures and tasteful ornaments and drooping sprays and fair bouquets, en decollete, trained, looped, puffed, and all the perplexities of your mantuamaker's art which we are supposed to conquer—that reporter is scarcely recognizable in his uncivilized Bohe-mianism, which may lead him to intrude after this fashion. I don't quite class myself with that ilk or I would not be discussing the varia-

tions quite so amiably. "But what a free-and-easy world it is, that of your loved Bohemia. People say that after its fascinations have once been experienced there's no enticing one of you away from it. What Paris is to a true Parisian so is your deightful world which you carry about with you everywhere—an advantage the Parisian does not possess." Ethel looked interestedly up from her work-it seemed such a novel world to her, to whom such a vague comprehension young folks may be to turn sentimental after of its hidden inner life had come in that phase he had shown her lately, scarcely credible now sence and unconcerned surface appearance

it. It has all been as I foresaw: Erle's coming the set the dear girl's misgivings at rest, and by my wide Gipsy life, which has the sky for its coverfaith! it should require no stronger inducement ing, its home all over the earth, as you say,

a true Bohemian from the vagabond existence, no amount of influence or persuasion result in transforming him into average respectability or Once come to the state which I have urrived at, I assure you there is no redemption for any poor devil, and the worst or the best of it is that he rather glories in his lot than otherwise.

Saying it all with the reckless dash which gave added force to the words and was calculated to bring out the brightest tints of the picture, the froth and sparkle of the Bohemianism was visible, none of the despair, the miseries, the want and waste and willful mis-use of a life which almost invariably goes hand-in-hand with it, seeming the furthest of

all realizations from his mind.

"There are regular gradations among us as in all other classes," he continued. "Those on the top are not such an immense remove from civilized beings, after all-Latimer and Lenoir, for instance. Apropos of Latimer, which suggests his art and accompaniments: Mrs. Richland, did you ever, in the 'auld lang syne,' which can not be so far gone as to leave YOR much changed, have a likeness taken and call it Rose? Moreover, were you ever dead and buried and resurrected to life again, after the fashion of three-volume romances of three centuries ago, when that interesting experience seemed the only method taken to outwit one's

"I. Mr. Crayton?" The wide, dark eyes turned upon him slowly, their depths fathom-less until a displeasured surprise rose to them. Yourself, Mrs. Richland. I'm well aware

that is a novel as well as impudent mode of questioning, but 'thereby hangs a tale,' which I hope may gain me pardon in your sight. That is, unless you abominate scenes from real life which run in the way of mystery and dramatic effect."

"You couldn't adopt any better plan for raising the natural Mother Eve we all confess to," laughed Ethel. "I can answer for Gertrude, in one particular at least. She has a morbid aversion to sitting, and we have never succeeded in persuading her to have even photograph taken. Artists of high and low degree, of all ranks, grades and pretensions, have exhausted their eloquence in vain, so I imagine it decided that Gertrude never could have lent herself to a representation and called it Rose. For the rest I can't take the responsibility of answering; such Phonix-like emula tion does not often appear after the actuality of earth to earth, ashes to ashes,' I believe."

"Ethel is quite right," said Mrs. Richland, calmly indifferent, and disclaiming any show of curiosity. "Certainly I have never died or been buried or resurrected, Mr. Crayton.'

"And yours is such a very peculiar face, if you'll allow me to remark it. Certainly quite a singular coincidence, a remarkable affair, to

What is a remarkable affair, Mr. Crayton? Don't keep us in suspense, please; our weaker nerves are not calculated to bear the strain, and any thing to involve Gertrude, ever so re motely, must prove of vital importance, I am

" Pray, don't overwhelm me by taking it up so seriously. My rather absurd and unwarranted questioning sprung from a little inci-dent which might form one of a series entitled Nights in the Streets. An incident not calculated to reflect to the credit of our twin cities with a slight exception, a match-picture to Hetherville's mischance of not long ago, oc curring within our sight, Lenoir's and mine after we left here last night. Allegheny is not responsible, as perhaps you may be glad to know. We had crossed the bridge and were walking along Sixth avenue, near Penn, when a brief but decisive skirmish took place ahead. ly than Ethel's troubled mind just then would A couple of ruffians darted out to attack a gentleman, but the sporting gentry seemed to have reckoned without their host for once, since their selected victim proved himself more than posedly. "If it had been my case as you have just put it, I am sure I should never have suffered by the reflex of the pride so bitterly wounded through her own weak-ness; but Gertrude's words let a new light in the pride so bitterly wounded through her own weak-ness; but Gertrude's words let a new light in the pride so bitterly wounded through her own weak-ness; but Gertrude's words let a new light in the pride so bitterly wounded through her own weak-ness; but Gertrude's words let a new light in the pride so betterly wounded through her own weak-ness; but Gertrude's words let a new light in the pride so betterly wounded through her own weak-ness; but Gertrude's words let a new light in the pride so betterly wounded through the pride so better the pride so betterly wounded through the pride so better the pride We were on the spot in a minute after the occurrence, and when the gentleman returned from the short pursuit he had made, cool as either of us, we all stood talking until the police came up and took charge of the one villain. Something glittered on the pavement in the light of the bull's-eye, and I picked up a little miniature wherein I would have declared it was your face painted, Mrs. Richland. Lenoir and I both remarked it, but the stranger claimed it as his property and assured us of our mis-take. It had been the keepsake of a friend of his, he said, the original a lady named Rose, who had been dead and buried for geventeer years. The resemblance was remarkable, you may imagine, since it was powerful enough attract the attention of both Lenoir and myself. 'Rather a strange coincidence, as you say,

assented Mrs. Richland, indifferent as eve Resemblances are not uncommon, however. "I rather congratulate myself over the in terest aroused by that one, since it opens the pleasure of Captain Bernham's future acquaintince, and I flatter myself he is one man of the few worth cultivating.'

whom-what name did you say? Mrs. Richland's face was turned away, but her voice was soft and clear and bell-like, a peculiar voice just as hers was a peculiar face.

"Captain Leigh Bernham, a deuce of a handsome, strong-built, soldierly fellow. My wonder is that the others had the temerity to attack him. But, by the way, you will soon have a reputation for resemblances. One of our mutual friends discovered another, rather vague, I'm afraid-Dr. Craven Dallas, I'm The old fellow appeared so exercised over the matter that I assured him of the fact with which I chanced to have become acquainted—that you have no blood-relatives to "What is it, my dear? Why, child, are share such an honor. I believe I was right in you ill? You look to be burning with fever." quainted—that you have no blood-relatives to

"Quite right, Mr. Crayton!" Her head came back to its former position, the face to his view, and he remarked how perfectly marble-like it was in its contour and coloring.

And that reminds me of what I had nearly alderman's office, this afternoon."

fall day went quietly by in the mansion. Wil-ma had been busy all the day, and at nearly dusk went out to a store on a neighboring street to match the silks Ethel was using would rather go than not," she said when

the latter made a remonstrance. "I neglected my usual walk to-day and need a trifle of fresh-

She went and had returned to the very shadow of the mausion itself, when she was caught suddenly from her feet, folded close in strong masculine arms, and kissed in fierce, fond passion by bearded lips. Then she was put as suddenly down again, and a tall form strode rapidly away and was lost in the gloom.

CHAPTER XVI. CROSS-PURPOSES. "SEE here, Ethel. You haven't been doing

any such foolish thing as quarrel with Erle, I

so very attractive that no temptation can sever with her brother's words. He was walking the wide upper hall, waiting for Mrs. Richland's dinner toilette to be completed. It was to be a night out and the task of dressing was rather prolonged. Mr. Richland's natural domesticity rather inclined toward a disfavor for the empty drawing-rooms, and after fifteen years of wedded life he was sufficiently lover-like to wait in attendance upon his wife.

"Certainly not, Howard."
"You relieve me. I could make nothing clse out of his strange actions. Upon my word, is solemn physiognomy almost affected me with some active apprehensions, and he would lke a private interview if you have the leisure though he declined a seat at the opera and his own chances for the evening.

"Erle, Howard? He went to Westmoreland this morning, did he not?—and for a week's time, I am positive his aunt said."

"So I had understood, and his unexpected return gave me my first start when I met him at the door a few minutes ago. He is waiting below now, in the library. I believe he came here straight from the train, though I remember his saying something of taking up his own apartments. And, by the way, Ethel, Gertrude tells me there will be no delay on account of trousseau or other preparations. There has been a reply to her order and the goods thembeen a reply to her order and the goods them-selves will be forthcoming within the month, So, if Erle broaches naming the day, I couldn't find a single objection in the world to any early date. I have had New Year's Day in my mind, but it is your prerogative to be suited in regard to that. Shorten the time by all means if it agrees better with Erle's no doubt impetuous

"Oh, my dear brother, certainly not sooner than that. Indeed, Howard, I am half inclined to resent this intense anxiety of yours to rid yourself of a troublesome incumbrance. Forunate that I am inclined to assert my right, or

you would be marrying me out of hand whether "Well, well, Ethel; you understand why I am anxious, my dear. And now don't let me detain you."

She passed on, but not down immediately. She paused at Mrs. Richland's door and went She paused at Mrs. Richland's door and went in at finding her alone. She was already dressed and turning over the contents of a jewel-casket absently. She paused with a smile at seeing her fair young sister-in-law.

"How prompt you are, Ethel. And you are in time to settle a vexed question. I can't quite decide what to wear to-night in the way of ornament."

"Diamonds, by all means, with that ruby moire, Gertrude. Indeed you ought never to wear any thing but diamonds. You have been born to them and all brilliant things in destiny. I wonder if life is a fatality from first to last?" "What has turned your thoughts in that strain, Ethel? You have not found any dissatisfaction in your own, I hope?"

"Not probable, since I have been always so kindly guarded. I have wondered sometimes what when I have been inclined to doubt myself—I suppose we never are sure of ourselves until we are put to the test. Take your case until we are put to the test. Take your case for example. If you had not loved Howard as for example. If you had not roved rioward you do, if you had married him out of gratitude or from a sense of duty say, only having the about the freedom which he was so sure of gaining, he would break hateful bonds for her. always kept your duty toward him in view,

Ethel's face was not averted but her eyes were not lifted to meet the scrutinizing glance of the other darker ones. These deep, inscru-table eyes of Mrs. Richland had a subtle power

peace and such content in his tenderness and his strong love as would have reconciled sacrifice and made sweet any after trial which might be bravely borne for his sake. I have little enough faith in that sentiment of love which has had no trial and none but a fanciful existence. Ethel; I have every faith in the reality with the plain knowledge of its strong, earnest foundation and the perfect trust to be reposed there. High respect and appreciation of noble qualities are the truest bases upon which an enduring trust was ever built.

Ethel's eyes lifted now freely and smilingly. "No one could have a truer experience to speak from, Gertrude. Has Howard spoken to you particularly of Erle and-and me-and

New Year's Day?" 'I know what hopes he has built upon all

three, Ethel.' "You may tell him, if you like, that I shall be ready then, provided Erle wishes it. He is below now, come unexpectedly back from Westmoreland and waiting for me. Ah, Wilma! I was almost uneasy, thinking you had not returned yet." Wilma had come into the room, just catch-

ing the last of Ethel's speech, half hesitating, on the point of retiring again.

I have been back for ten minutes at least. Cicely was busy, and I thought you might be needing something. Shall I put your jewels back, Mrs. Richland?" "If you like, Wilma." Mrs. Richland had

clasped diamonds at her throat and upon her wrists, but she did not move away. steady eyes were looking at her own fair semblance in the glass, abstracted and far-seeing out, preoccupied as they seemed, they caught Wilma's upward anxious glance

'I am quite well, only flushed. Is it Mr. Hetherville has returned unexpectedly whom Miss Ethel has gone down to meet? 'Yes. We were mistaken regarding his in-

tention, evidently, or to has changed it. "And it was he, though I did not think it," forgotten," supplemented the reporter; "that mused Wilma, a hotter flush burning her I am summoned to appear in the case at the cheeks. "What should I do—what can I do now? It gives me such a guilty sense, though He took his leave soon after, and the short Heaven knows I would sooner die than bring misery to any of them."

Searching eyes were on the flushing, agitated face. Mrs. Richland drew back and sunk down into a chair, the ruby silk draping about her in rich, glowing folds, the diamonds flashing back the light.

Come here, Wilma," she said, quietly. Something is troubling you, and trouble can cometimes be better borne when the knowledge of it is divided. Sobbing and nervous and distressed, I am sure the blame is not yours, whatever the matter may be! Sit here and tell me, if you can."

Wilma dropped on a low stool at her feet, her slight form shaken, her hot, tearful face buried in her hands. She lifted it in a moment, more composed, wistfully deprecating.
"Oh, dear Mrs. Richland, it is the fear of trouble coming through me, the fear of repay-

ing all your kindness with sorrow and disapope?"

She was passing in the dusk but turned back

pointment. I would so gladly bear all sorrow and all pain if it might be spared to any one in this dear house."

"Go on, Wilma. Tell me what sorrow— drawn, so close to a comprehension of purely tended attack and are prepared for it. The white cool hand was passed quiet happiness such as she was sure to find with him. what pain!" The white cool hand was passed gently over the girl's forehead with a touch which was quietly soothing now, such a deep, soft light in the steady eyes that Wilma's heart ached to its depths.

ndeed, if I might undo it now by going away, I would go gladly. If I had never come there would have been no change, as I fear there is, in Mr. Hetherville."

he perfect face.

was drawn with a sudden swiftness to the lady's shoulder, the quiet cheek laid against the burning, throbbing brow. "Tell me here, Wilma. Has this change which has come to Mr. Hetherville also touched you?" A quick comprehension had come to Mrs.

Richland. A change, too, had come to her, alnost a relieved change it would seem, and that caressing, magnetic touch quieted Wilma until she could tell steadily all that had passed between her and Erle on the preceding night. He premised to remain the same to her un-

ess her own word and her own wish released him, but to-night—to-night, as I was coming in from the street, just at dusk, some onetall man, whom I had not seen in the shadows —caught me in his arms, and kissed me on the cheeks and lips and forehead. I turned fairly sick with fright, but he put me down and was gone in a moment. I did not think of it being Mr. Hetherville. I thought he was in West noreland, to remain for a week.

Her sobs choked her there. Mrs. Richland's quieting touch was gentle as before.

"I think we can trust to Mr. Hetherville," the said. "He is quite incapable of a dishonorable act, I am sure. You are not to blame in the matter. But, Wilma, child, it may be better for your own sake if the change in him proves to have been but the impulse of the moment, to be lost in the truth of his love for Ethel. If it proves more than that, the discovery is better made now, as he said-far better than if they were bound by irrevocable

The quiet intensity of her expression startled and stilled Wilma. They sat in the same position for a moment more, then Mr. Richland, grown impatient of his solitary march up and down the wide dim hall, tapped at the door, in-

errupting them. Ethel had gone down to the library, where Erle awaited her. He had come straight here from the train, as Mr. Richland had surmised The knowledge which had broken upon him with such powerful force would permit him no rest until his future position was decided. He had not lost sight of his promise to Wilma; it must be Ethel's will, not his, that should give him liberty. He had meant it fully when he declared he would sacrifice himself rather than her. Had he believed it for Ethel's truest hap-piness now, he would have sealed his lips above every remonstrance and given no sign. But he felt sure of her heart as he was of his own; he had not a doubt but that, in bringing With that settled purpose in his heart, he always kept your duty toward him in view, have grown perhaps into some approach of the peace which I am sure you must have mutually er smile than the fair face had worn for him enjoyed?" in all these later days they had been together, both hands put out with that winning grace

which had always been one of her charms.

Ethel's lingering, long battle had been fought out in those few minutes passed in her sister-in-law's room. A long, lingering battle, the end of which she had marked long since, upon the sacrifice which changed it to an ennobling duty.

"With my own full knowledge of Erle's true worth, with my own earnest desire to bring him all he expects from me, wifely devotion to him very soon, surely my task will not be hard to learn with so much returned for the little that is asked," she said to herself, and went into his presence with the glow of conscious approval warming her heart and appearing in

her frank greeting.
"What a surprise you have given me," she said, "a delightful surprise. I did not expect you for a week at least. There has been no mischance, nothing to give you apprehension, I

Something in his face roused her quick alarm. He had taken her hands, meeting her free, affectionate glance with one doubtful and searching. His confidence was wavering for the first Never before had she seemed so genuinely af fectionately trustful, never before had he felt so regretful of the bond between them. "No mischance, nothing unfortunate in the

way of actual happening, Ethel. And I have come back purposely to arrive at a thorough and perfect understanding with you. Sit here while I say what I have to say; I will not keep

She rested her hand upon the back of the chair he placed for her and remained standing, her hazel eyes fixed inquiringly upon his face, that lately gained strength of hers bearing her unwaveringly before him.
"We entered upon our betrothal six years

ago, mere inexperienced children both of us, not even understanding the sacred hature of the trust we were taking upon ourselves. der almost any other circumstances the old ten-der folly would have been spent long ago, the remembrance nothing more than a matter for laughing comment now. We were kept to it by the approbation the proposed alliance met upon both sides; we had no test of difficulties to overcome, not an obstacle which might have roughened our way but was smoothed from it by the watchful care of others. For six years the same end has been steadfastly fixed before the sight of both; we have each been impressed with a conviction that to deviate from the straight path leading to it would be such a breach of honor and good faith that we could never redeem ourselves from the stigma it would cast. We have come very close to that end at last, so close that there will be no possibility of turning back after this. Is it you wish to go on, Ethel? Has there been no out reaching or no craving for any other destiny than that linked with mine? Is there not love dearer, another lot to be shared with more promise of sweet content than ever thought of mine afforded? If any other life can hold better happiness for you, Ethel, it is due to us both that the truth should be spoken now. Don't fear to speak it now from the inner depth of your heart, and remember, it will be doing only the same justice to me as to your own

The sweet, earnest face not drooping before his gaze, the soft eyes looking wistfully into his, saw in his fixed and resolute expression only the strict rectitude of a noble soul, the

"It is like you to be so nobly considerate, so wholly disregardful of self in remembrance of me. I appreciate and thank you for the kind-"Oh, Mrs. Richland! I am afraid that, through me, unhappiness may come to Miss Ethel, disappointment to all of you. Indeed, If ever any obstacle existed between our free thele, disappointment to all of you. Indeed, If ever any obstacle existed between our free the company of trust in each other, it exists no longer now. If I ever had a temptation to waver from the first would have been no change, as I fear there is, in Mr. Hetherville."

The soft, cool hand was still, the slightest change come over the marble-like calmness of he perfect face.

"Mr. Hetherville!" The little dusky head was drawn with a sudden swiftness to the care of the control of the perfect face.

"Mr. Hetherville!" The little dusky head was drawn with a sudden swiftness to the care of the care of

The lights danced before his eyes, the color faded from his lips and he staggered dizzly but she never suspected that her hardly-found submission dashed all his cherished hopes and wrung his heart with as keen anguish as she

(To be continued-Commenced in No. 194.)

RED ARROW, THE WOLF DEMON

The Queen of the Kanawha.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "ROCKY MOUNTAIN HOB," "THE MAN FROM TEXAS," "OVERLAND KIT," "BED MAZEPPA," "ACE OF SPADES," "HEART OF PIRE," "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED. Mournfully the Indians carried the body of the slain man to his wigwam, and soon the wail of lamentation and despair broke on the

stillness of the night. "What does the chief think?" asked the Black Cloud, as he watched the lowering face

of Ke-ne-ha-ha. "That the Bad Spirit is among us," returned the chief, slowly. "My warriors are falling, one by one, by the hand of this secret foe. I would give my own life to conquer him and save my nation from him."

Why not seek the Medicine Man? The Wolf Demon is a spirit—the Medicine Man will give the chief a charm so that he can fight the Wolf Demon," said the Black Cloud, sage

"My brother speaks well-his counsel is good—the chief will visit the Great Medicine," eplied Ke-ne-ha-ha.

And acting instantly on the resolution that he had formed, Ke-ne-ha-ha went at once to the igwam of the old Indian who was the Great Medicine Man of the Shawnee tribe.
The wigwam of the Great Medicine was far

from the others of the village, and half hid itself within the borders of the wood as if it courted solitude. The Great Medicine of the Shawnees was an

aged man, Infirm and old was he, yet gifted with wondrous skill. He knew all the properties of the herbs of the forest, the meadow the swamp. Could cure by charms and conjuations the most dangerous diseases.

The savages looked upon him with awe and wonder. Even Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief as he was of the Shawnee nation, felt a slight sensation of fear creep over him as he entered the wigwam of the Great Medicine. As usual the Medicine Man sat in a corner of the lodge all wrapt up in blankets, even his head concealed. Only his face was visible,

head concealed. Only his face was visible, and that painted in streaks of black and white in a horrible fashion.

A little fire burning in the center of the

lodge cast a dim light over the scene.

The Medicine Man made a slight motion with his head as the chief entered, as if to acknowledge his presence.
"Let the Great Medicine open his eyes while

the chief of the Shawnee speaks, and let his words sink into his heart as the soft summer rain sinks into the earth." Another slight motion of the head answered words of the chief.

'It is good-let my brother listen," said the

chief, gravely.

Again the Medicine Man bowed his head. "The Shawnees are a great nation—many warriors—brave as the panther—cunning as the fox. The Shawnee braves fear not death, but they wish to meet it face to face. Now it crawls upon them from behind—in the darkness, and strikes them to death before the dream that a foe is near. Can my father tel me of a charm to conquer the Wolf Demon?" Does the chief wish to see him?" asked the Great Medicine, in a cracked and wavering

answered the chief, eagerly "I will bring the Wolf Demon before him at

CHAPTER XXV.

ON THE TRAIL.

VIRGINIA woke from her swoon to find herself a captive in the hands of the Shawnees. Three grim and painted chiefs were her

Virginia shuddered when she thought of the terrible fate that was in store for her. No ray of light broke through the darkness of the clouded future. She despaired of ever again seeing home and friends.

The red-men bore her swiftly through the forest, heading toward the Ohio.

The false white man, the treacherous guide, who had led her into the snare, had disappear

Crossing the Ohio, the savages conducted their prisoner to the Indian Village at Chillicothe

when the hapless girl was brought a prisoner into their midst. It seemed to them like an omen of good fortune. Virginia was placed in one of the wigwams

Great was the rejoicing among the Shawnees,

and there left in solitude to meditate upon the dreadful misfortune that had come upon her. Alone, far from home and kindred, there seemed no avenue of escape open to her. Despairing, she prayed to the Great Power above to rescue her from her terrible peril. Leaving the despairing maid to her own sad

thoughts, we will return to the renegade Girty. After leaving the old General, Girty made his way to the secluded glade in the forest where he had arranged to meet Kendrick

Girty found his companion waiting for him. "The Indians have departed with the girl?"

"Yes; by the way, what do you intend to do with her?" said Kendrick.
"Give her to some chief for a wife. I have just had a little talk with Treveling. I told him who I was and of the vengeance that I have taken for the wrong that he did me so many years ago." Girty's face showed plainly his fierce joy as he spoke. 'It was a dangerous attempt to penetrate in-

to yonder settlement," said Kendrick. Yes, but my disguise you see is perfect. This black wig covers my own hair, and the be willing to do it," said Kendrick, walnut stain upon my face changes the color of "I'll pay her well for the service. The pre-

"Will he then give up the attack?"

"No; Ke-ne-ha-ha will play the lion if he can not act the part of the fox. The Shawnees

and their allies have force enough to drive all the whites from the banks of the Ohio. They will try to do it and I think they will succeed." "I say, Girty," said Kendrick, suddenly, "why do you give the girl to the Indians? Why not keep her for yourself? She is young

and pretty; a prize for any man,"
"I have thought of that," replied the other: 'perhaps the knowledge that his daughter was mine would give more pain to Treveline than any thing else.' "I should think it likely."
"I will think about the matter; but now let

us to Chillicothe as fast as our legs will carry us. Soon we will return with brand and steel Dying men and blazing roof-trees shall mark

Then the two plunged into the thicket, and soon their forms were lost in the mazes of the

For a few minutes the little glade was deserted by all living things, and then again life stood within the forest opening.

Forth from the covert of the wood came the strange girl known as Kanawha Kate. In her hand she carried the long rifle common to the frontier. In her belt was thrust the keen-edged

calping-knife of the Indian. For a moment she paused in the center of the glade and listened eagerly.

"She is then in the Shawnee village, the prisoner of the renegade," she murmured. "She, the promised wife of the man that I love with all the passion of my nature." Full of agony was the tone in which she spoke.
"Why did I permit this terrible love to take

possession of my heart? Why did I not crush it at the moment of its birth? But my rival is in the power of the Indians. This man, Girty may make her his, then she will be removed from my path forever. Why should I interfere to save her? If Harvey does not see her again he may forget her, and then I may be able to win his love. Oh! how full of bliss is even the thought."

For a moment she stood like one inspired, ner eyes flashing and her lips half-opened. And

then a change came over her face. Her head sunk down listlessly upon her breast.

"Alas! it is but a dream," she murmured, sorrowfully. "He will never learn to love me even if she is lost to him. I have forgotten that I am that clings to me. Forgotten that I am the daughter of the renegade. One at whom the daughter of the renegade. One at whom the finger of scorn is pointed. A wretched creature not fit to associate with others whose skins are white like mine. I am an outcast, a ild of the forest. What madness then to think that I can ever win the love of a man like Harvey Winthrop. No, it is impossible." Slowly and mournfully Kate spoke, as the

truth forced itself upon her mind.
"I must to the Shawnee village ?" she cried, suddenly. "The Indians know me as the daughter of the renegade and will not harm me. On my way through the forest I can decide upon what course to pursue. Whether to leave Virginia to her fate, to the cruel mercy of having her life spared by Girty, only to become his wife; or to save her-if it be possible-and give her to the man who has, unknowingly, von my heart. Oh! to leave her to Girty, is a

terrible temptation; Heaven give me strength Then through the wood Kate followed on the trail of her father and Girty.

Cautiously she followed on the trail till it led into the Indian village by the bank of the Scioto

known as Chillicothe. In the thicket that fringed the village, Kate halted. 'Now, what course shall I pursue?" she

asked, communing with herself. "Shall I go at once boldly into the village and say that I have come to seek my father? or shall I remain here in concealment and watch my opportunity to enter the village unobserved?" For a few moments Kate pondered over the difficult question. She could not decide which

of the two courses to adopt. Then from a wigwam, in full view of the hicket that concealed the girl, came Girty and Kendrick.

They bent their steps slowly toward the river. "I have it!" cried Kate, suddenly; "I will tell my father that I feared to remain alone in my cabin and brave the dangers of the Indian attack, and that I wish to remain here until the war is ended. They will not suspect my pur-

And having come to this conclusion, she stepped forward from the shelter of the thicket The two men started with surprise when they beheld the girl. Why, Kate, what brings you here?" asked Kendrick, in astonishment.

"I am in search of you, father," she replied. "What do you want with me?" "I have thought over your warning regarding the Indian attack, and have concluded to seek shelter here," she replied. "It's the best thing you kin do," said Ken-

drick, approvingly.
Girty's face wore a strange expression as he looked up at the girl. "Is this your daughter?" he said, in an undertone to Kendrick. "Yes," the other replied; "don't you re-

member ber?" "Her face is familiar to me," said Girty, with a puzzled air, "yet I can not ever remember meeting her before." "She was with me, hyer in the nation, some

five years ago; of course she's changed a good deal since that time." "That is probably the reason why her face seems strange, and yet familiar to me. come this way a moment. I have something to

Kendrick followed Girty. A few paces on, out of ear shot of the girl, Girty halted. "Is your daughter to be trusted?" Girty

"Why, what do you mean?" said Kendrick, in wonder.
"I mean, is she red at heart, like ourselves? Does she hate the whites?"

"Well, I reckon that she doesn't bear 'em much love. The setters have allers looked upon her as they would upon a spotted snake; a pretty thing, but dangerous, and not to be trusted, and not to be handled. But why do you ask the question?"

'I'll tell you. I want some one to look after this girl." Why not get one of the squaws?" "I am afraid to trust her with them. Of course I shall have to go with Ke-ne-ha-ha, on his expedition against the whites. If any re-

verse should happen to the Indians, and the news of it reach the village in my absence, they might take revenge upon the girl.' "Yes, that's very true."
"But if I can get your daughter to take charge of her, why, that danger will be avoid-

"Well, you kin ask the gal. I guess she'll

doubt of her best happiness being assured, the walnut stain upon my face changes the color of willingness to advance it at the sacrifice of his my complexion. But we must return to Chillisence, too, of one of her own blood may serve own, and never before had she felt so nearly cothe. The settlers know of Ke-ne-ha-ha's into reconcile the girl to her fate, or, at any rate, But we must return to Chilli- sence, too, of one of her own blood may serve spoke the thought came into her mind that the favor had something to do with the captive

"There is a white girl in the village, not exactly a prisoner to the Indians, fur I intend to marry her, but still, she is not free. I would marry her, but still, she is not free. I would like to have you take charge of her; do all you can to make her contented with and accept the fate that is before her. I will pay you well for the service."

"What is her name?" and not a muscle of

"What is her name?" and not a muscle of Kate's face betrayed that she knew what the name would be even before it was spoken.
"Virginia Treveling," replied Girty, after hesitating for a moment, but then an instant's reflection convinced him that it would be folly to attempt to conceal the name of his prisoner.
"Very well, I will do it," said Kate, quietly.
"I told you I thought she would," said Kendrick, with an air of satisfaction.
"She is in yonder wigwam," and Girty pointed to one that stood by the bank of the Scioto.

ed to one that stood by the bank of the Scioto,

a hundred paces or so from where they were.
"I will take good care of her," Kate said, and neither of the two that stood by her side guessed the double meaning conveyed in her

And so Kate was placed to guard the captive Virginia. In her heart two passions struggled for supremacy. The fate of her rival was in her hands. Would she save or crush her?

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GREAT MEDICINE. KE-NE-HA-HA gazed at the old Medicine Man in astonishment, not unmixed with awe.
"Did the great chief hear right? Did my father say that he could show the Wolf Demon

to Ke-ne-ha-ha?" Yes, the Great Medicine of the Shawnee nation can raise the dead-can bring the evil spirit-the Wolf Demon-from the air, the earth or from the fire where he has his wig-wam," chanted the old Indian.

For a few moments in silence the Shawnee chief looked upon the Great Medicine. "My father speaks straight," he said, at length, breaking the silence. "His tongue is

not forked. Is the Wolf Demon an Indian devil? 'No, white."

"White!" and the chief started. "Yes, as white as the Ohio waves when the Great Spirit lashes them with his storm-whip, and they bind white plumes around their scalp-

The chief pondered with moody brows. The old Indian from the covert of his blankets watched him with searching eyes.

Then the Great Medicine can show me the Wolf Demon ?" "Yes."
"When ?"

"Does the chief see that green stick?" and the old Indian pointed to the fire.

"When that stick becomes a flaming brand then turns to a blackened coal, the Wolf Demon will be here."

"In this wigwam?" asked the chief, in wonder. Yes."

"The Wolf Demon is far down below the earth. His home is in the fire that burns in the

see the Wolf Demon, and he summoned him blow."
from the land of shadows long ago. But for "Ke-ne-ha-ha saw the slain brave, the wish gratified to-night."

"The Wolf Demon will come, then ?" and instinctively Ke-ne-ha-ha's hand sought the for another Shawnee has felt the keen edge of there handle of his tomahawk as he spoke. Yes; the chief is wise to prepare, for the

Wolf Demon comes to take his life.' "Ah!" and Ke-ne-ha-ha's eyes shot lurid fires as he uttered the simple exclamation. Does the chief fear ?'

"What! the white devil? ugh! Ke-ne-ha-ha's heart is like rock. He does not fear." Then the chief will meet and fight the Wolf

Demon?" asked the Great Medicine.
"Yes, if the Wolf Demon comes, the chief will fight him. Many great warriors have fallen by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon. He is a coward. He does not attack the Shawnee braves like a warrior and a man. He creeps behind them in the forest like a cat and strikes them in the back. He will not dare to meet

Ke-ne-ha-ha, face to face. See, the green stick is burning," and the Medicine Man looked toward the fire as he spoke. "When it is ashes, the chief will stand face to face with the Wolf Demon. He will lence. tremble like a squaw when he sees the white

man's devil." The Great Medicine is wise, but he lies But he will fight the Wolf Demon before he when he says that Ke-ne-ha-ha will tremble!" dies.' cried the Shawnee chief, anger sparkling in his eyes. "The great fighting-man of the Shawnee nation never turned his back to mortal foe either red or white-skinned warrior. Why should be fear the devil that hides in the wood and who, like a coward, strikes his foes in the back?" And Ke-ne-ha-ha drew himself up

proudly, as he spoke. "The chief has the heart of a lion; it is a pity that he should die like the snake," said

the old Indian, slowly. "When the chief dies it will be upon the war-path!" exclaimed the Shawnee brave, in defiance; "a hundred scalps will hang at belt-his hand will be red with the blood of foe. When he enters the happy hunting-grounds, the chiefs will bow in he

age to him, and say, 'Here is a great warrior; welcome. "The chief is wrong," said the Great Medicine, slowly; "he will not die on the war-path. The Great Medicine sees the future. It is clouded to all other eyes but his. His heart is Shawnee-it is torn with anguish when he reads the future and sees the desolation and dismay that must come upon the Shawnee na-

Before his eyes is a sea of blood, not white blood but red, the blood of the Indian." Over the brow of the chief came a gloomy cloud as he listened to the prophetic words of

the old man. His heart sunk within him as he heard the prophecy of disaster and death.

"Does the Great Medicine read the future straight?" he asked, anxiously. "Is not the blood that he sees, the blood of the white settlers by the banks of the Ohio? the blood of the false-hearted, crooked-tongued chiefs who

have stolen the lands of the red-men and whose mouths are full of lies?" Sorrowfully the old Indian shook his head. The blood is the life-current of the Shawnces, the Mingoes, the Wyandots and the Hurons. The heart of the Great Medicine is sad, but he must speak the truth."

it will serve to rob her captivity of half its ter- against the whites on the Ohio will be defeated?" asked Ke-ne-ha-ha, with a frown upon

"The chief will go if he had ten thousand lives to lose and knew that by the act he would sacrifice them all," said the Shawnee, proudly, and with an air of dogged defiance.

"The chief has but one life to lose, and he will lose it in the same and he will lose it."

will lose it in the Shawnee village by th banks of the Scioto," said the Great Medicine. Ke-ne-ha-ha started as the words fell upon his ears, and a look of anger swept over his

"Will the chief die by the hand of a spy-a snake who will creep into the Shawnee village to strike him in the back?"

"No, Ke-ne-ha-ha will be killed in a fair and open fight, but he will be killed in the midst of the Shawnees and die in one of the wigwams of his own people.

The chief looked puzzled at the strange words of the old Indian. "Ke-ne-ha-ha does not understand; will my

father speak straighter?" The chief does not fear then to learn the

No," said the Shawnee warrior, proudly. "Not even when he is to hear of the manner of his death?"

A warrior must die some time. Ke-ne-haha is ready when the Great Spirit calls him."
"Good; the Great Medicine will speak then.
He must speak words that cause him tears of blood, for they tell of the death of the Shaw. nee chieftain.

Ke-ne-ha-ha's ears are open-he listens." Before the moon dies, a terrible figure will be in the Shawnee village. All fly from its path—the birds of the night, the insects of the earth—for it is not of human mold. The moonbeams shining in fear will show the figure of the state of ure of a huge gray wolf. The wolf walks on into the face of the old Indian had not the its hind legs like a man. It has the face of a blankets, wrapped around his head, hid it from human, and it is striped with war-paint, black | the gaze of the chief. and white. In its paw it carries a tomahawk—
the edge is crusted with blood that dims the
brightness of the steel. The blood comes from
the veins of some of the best warriors of the
Shawnee nation. The Little Crow hunted the
his men brown deer in the woods of the Scioto. He came not back. His brother found him in the forest dead—the print of a tomahawk in his skull and a Red Arrow graven on his breast. Watega is another great brave of the Shawnee nation. Not two sleeps ago he went with the white red-men—the renegades—on a scout. He has not come back to his wigwam, though the others have returned. His squaw sits in his lodge and wonders where he is. He will he advanced a step with a threatening gesture never come back. In a little glade on the other side of the Ohio is his body—a toma-

hawk cut in the skull, and on his breast the totem of the Rod Arrow."

Ke-ne-ha-ha started. The death of Watega, who was one of his favorite warriors, startled

'Watega dead!" he cried, hardly willing to

believe the news.
"The Great Medicine has said that he sleeps the long sleep that knows no waking," chanted the old Indian; his voice coming from beneath the blankets wrapped around his head ike a voice from the tomb.

"How can my father know that Watega dead?" demanded the chief, obstinately resing to believe. Does the Shawnee chief question the power

of the Great Medicine, and yet come to him for advice?" said the old Indian, with an accent of scorn in his voice.

My father is sure ?"

"Watega was a great warrior; peace be with

that, the chief would not be able to have his victim of the white devil," the chief said, sor

' No, the chief is wrong; not the last victim, Red Leaf died by his hand.

Another of my braves killed!" cried Ke-neha-ha, in wonder and in anger.
"Yes, two have had the totem of the Red Arrow graven on their breasts since the moon

And who was the other?" "The Great Medicine can not tell the chief now, but the chief will know when the stick burns to ashes and the Wolf Demon comes."

look of stern resolution. There was no trace of fear in the bearing of the Shawnee.

"Let my father bear him the shawnee."

"The Shawnee were the lodge of the pale-face, and while the flames roared and crackled, they shot the Red Arrow dead in their midst."

"The Shawnee were the lodge of the pale-face." "Let my father keep his word and bring the white devil." Ke-ne-ha-ha said, breaking the silence. "If the Great Spirit wills that the chief of the Shawnee nation is to die by the hand of

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STORY OF THE WOLF DEMON.

THE little fire sputtered as the flame cat into the heart of the green stick.

The light chased and toyed with the dark shadows that lurked, assassin-like, in the corners of the Indian lodge.

Ke-ne-ha-ha, with a resolute but gloomy brow, looked upon the old Indian, who sat "My father will keep his word?" the chief said, after a silence of long duration.

"Watch the green stick-when it is ashes the Wolf Demon will stand before the chief."

The Shawnee brave gazed upon the Great Medicine in wonder.
"My father is a Great Medicine, to be able to

call the white man's devil."
"The Great Spirit wills that the Wolf Demon should come; the Medicine Man does not

bring him. He only knows that he is coming.' "Can my father tell me one thing more?" asked the chief, after thinking for a moment. "Let the Shawnee brave speak; then the find him." Great Medicine can answer," returned the old Indian, ambiguously.

"The chief will speak," said Ke-ne-ha-ha, de-cidedly. "The Wolf Demon has slain many a great brave of the Shawnee nation. He is only seen by the banks of the Scioto. He strikes only at the Shawnees. Why does not the white man's devil kill also the Wyandot and the Mingo warriors? Why does Shawnee blood alone stain the edge of his tomahawk ?"

The chief is anxious to know why?" "Yes; can my father tell?" "The Great Medicine of the Shawnees can

tell all things, either in life or death. Let the chief open his ears, and he shall hear."
"Ke-ne-ha-ha listens," said the chief, curtly. Mingo warrior or the Wyandot brave, only the "Then the expedition of the Shawnee chief Shawnee."

Ke-ne-ha-ha leads?"
"Because when the Wolf Demon was on

for a moment, as if to collect his thoughts, then

Chillicothe, by the side of the Scioto. She was as fair as the rosy morn, as gentle as the sum-

mer wind, as lithe and graceful as the brown deer. She was called the Red Arrow." "The Great Medicine speaks with a straight ongue-the Red Arrow was the daughter of the great fighting-man of the Shawnee nation. The chief now mourns for the loss of his Rower." Ke-ne-ha-ha spoke sadly, and a gloomy cloud was on his brow as the words

"The Singing Bird was called the Red Arow—a name fit more for a chief and a warrior than a bounding fawn—because when she was orn the Great Spirit marked a red arrow-his otem—on her breast. Over her heart blazoned he mystic sign, yet her nature was as gentle as he pigeon's, though she bore the totem of

"What my father says is true," said the chief. "All the Shawnee tribe know of the daughter of Ke-ne-ha-ha and of the mystic toin that she bore on her breast."

"But do all the Shawnee chiefs know of the manner of her death ?" The great chief started at the question and cast a searching glance into the face of the Great Medicine; that is, he would have looked

"Does not my father know how the daughter of Ke-ne-ha-ha died?" asked the chief,

"Perhaps the Great Medicine has heard, but his memory is bad—he is an old man. Will the great chief tell him?"

"The Red Arrow left the wigwams of her people to wander in the forest. There she was eaten up by a bear. Ke-ne-ha-ha and a few of his chosen warriors searched for her and discovered her fate." The great chief lies to the Medicine Man,"

he advanced a step with a threatening gesture toward the old Indian.

"Does the chief come with lies in his mouth

into the sacred wigwam and then dare to raise his hand in violence to the Great Medicine Man because the Great Spirit bids his oracle speak the truth?" said the old Indian, sternly. With an exclamation of anger, Ke-ne-ha-ha

stepped back to his former position.
"The chief forgot himself—he did not mean to offer haum to the Great Medicine Man." "It is well. Mortal man can not harm the tongue of the Great Spirit. The Spirit-fires that flash from the storm-cloud would strike unto death the warrior that dares to lift his

hand in menace to the Great Medicine of the Shawnee tribe." With an expression of awe upon his features the chief listened to the words of the old In-

"Let my father forgive and forget," Ke-neha-ha said, slowly. "The Great Medicine will tell the Shawnee

chief the fate of the Red Arrow: She wandered from the wigwams of her people because she mouth of the tortoise that carries the earth on his back. He can not come in an instant. The Great Medicine knew that Ke-ne-ha-ha would seek his counsel before the young moon died. He knew that the chief would wish to died. He knew that the chief would wish to died. He knew that the chief would wish to died. He knew that the chief would wish to died. He was a great warrior; peace the will be with a pale-face—a hunter, but the containing the chief, solemnly.

"Little Crow and Watega fell by the tonia-hawk of the Wolf Demon in the forest, and not an hour ago the Red Leaf met his death by died. He knew that the chief would wish to the Scioto, and the Wolf Demon dealt the Great Medicine speak truth?"

"Yes" Ke we had a great warrior; peace with the wing was to the fallen in love with a pale-face—a hunter, whose cabin was by the Ohio and Muskingum. She left home, kindred, all, for the sake of the long-rifle. She became his squaw. Does the Great Medicine speak truth?"

"Yes" Ke we had a great warrior; peace with a pale-face—a hunter, whose cabin was by the Ohio and Muskingum. She left home, kindred, all, for the sake of the long-rifle. She became his squaw. Does the Great Medicine speak truth?" "Yes," Ke-ne-ha-ha answered, slowly and re-

useless to deceive the Great Medicine, who can look into men's hearts and read what is written

"My father is wise."
"The Great Spirit has made him so," answered the old Indian, solemnly.
"The Great Medicine knows the fate of the Red Arrow?" Ke-ne-ha-ha asked.

"Yes; the Shawnees found her in the lodge of the pale-face. They asked her to return to her people. She refused, for she loved the white hunter. Then the red chiefs went away, but when the sky grew dark, covered by Mani-tou's mantle, again the Shawnee warriors stood "But the fate of Ke-ne-ha-ha?"

"The red chief will fall by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon."

There was silence for a few moments in the wigwam.

They gave to the fire the lodge of the pale-face, wicronizes.

They gave to the fire the lodge of the pale-face, May 5. Princeton vs. Chelsea.

tribe for a pale-face stranger deserves to die,' said the chief, sternly.

"The chief speaks straight, for with his own hand he killed his daughter, the Red Arrow."
"And would also kill Le-a-pah, his other the scourge of his race, Ke-ne-ha-ha is content. singing-bird, if she left the village of her fathers to sing in the wigwam of a white-skin," exclaimed Ke-ne-ha-ha, with stern accents.

> "Why has my father told of the death of the bird who flew from her nest to dwell with the

Does not the chief wish to know why the

Yes: but what has that to do with the dead singing-bird?" Ke-ne-ha-ha said, puzzled.
"Does not the Wolf Demon leave as his totem on the breast of his victims a Red Ar-

The chief started. For the first time the thought that the mark of the Wolf Demon and he name of his murdered daughter were alike flashed across his mind.

"Why does the Wolf Demon take for his totem a Red Arrow?" demanded the chief.
"Bet the chief open his ears and he shall hear," said the old Indian, gravely. the lodge of the white hunter was burnt to the ground, and the body of the singing-bird lay before the warriors disfigured by the flames they looked for the white hunter but could not

'He was not in the lodge when my braves attacked it," interrupted the chief.
"Ke-ne-ha-ha is wrong. The white hunter

was in the lodge. He saw the singing-bird fly from life to death, and was wounded by the bullets of the Shawnee warriors; then, when he lodge fell he was buried beneath the ruins. The eyes of the red braves were sharp, but they did not discover the wounded and helpless white-skin under the blackened logs. The red chiefs went away, satisfied with their vengeance. The white brave lay between life and death. A huge gray wolf came from the forest. He found the senseless man under the logs. The May forest beast was hungry; he thirsted for human from the body but went with it. The soul of in which college nines took part:

"How many warriors were with Ke-ne-ha-ha when he killed the Red Arrow?"

"Where are they now?" The chief started. Of the ten warriors not one was living. All were dead, killed by the Wolf Demon. Each one bore the mark of the Red Arrow.

Only one remains, Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief of the Shawnee nation. He will die by the tomahawk of the human wolf, and then the Demon will go to the land of shadows." With a sharp crack, the green stick snapped in twain. The fire had eaten to the core. Medicine Man arose.

"Let the chief prepare. The Wolf Demon (To be continued-commenced in No. 190.)

Field Sports and Pastimes.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

BASE-BALL. THE COLLEGE CLUB SEASON OF 1873.

ONE of the most noteworthy features of the base ball season of 1873 has been the brilliant play shown by the leading college nines of the ountry, the season's record showing contests which have never been equaled in the annals

f the amateur arena. We are glad to note this fact, for, eventually it will be to the college nines of the country North, South, East and West, that we shal have to look for the finest displays of the beau-ties of the game and the most exciting—because earnest and legimate—contests of each season The professional clubs will always have the material at command no doubt to make the best displays and to play the strongest games, but unfortunately the evil influences which seem to be necessarily connected with some professional nines, render it doubtful whether this class of players will at all times exert themselves to their utmost to win, and hence much of the interest which would otherwise be attached to their contests will be lost. This can not occur in the cases of contests between rival college nines, for the esprit du corps and the earnest desire to carry off the palm of superiority must necessarily lead to the most strenuous efforts for success on every occasion of a match. We look forward to the day when the annual base-ball matches between the leading nines of our American colleges will become as interesting and exciting as are the inter-col-

legiate contests at cricket in England.

The past season of 1873 sees the champion-ship of the college nines wrested from the grasp of the Harvards by the strong nine of the Jersey club of Princeton College, the record of this club though brief, being one marked by this club though brief, being one marked by some very signal triumphs and noteworthy displays of the beauties of the game. The Princeton College nine opened their regular match season early in May with a victory over the crack amateur nine of Brooklyn, the Chelseas, the score being 12 to 1. Flushed with their success, they went for Yale rather prematurely, and received a lesson at the hands of the Un versity nine to the tune of a 9 to 2 defeat. They now got their nine well in hand, captured Yale on the return match by 10 to 9, and then attacking Harvard in their stronghold at Can bridge, came off triumphant in one of the bes contested games of the season, the Princetons winning by a score of 3 to 1 in a full nine innings game, it being the best played college game on record. They now tried their skill against a professional nine, and meeting the Resolutes at Princeton they defeated them by a score of 6 to 2. Thus ended their May contests, and out of the five games played they had wor four. Afterward they defeated the same pro-fessional nine of Irvington by 31 to 7, and again defeated the Chelsea nine after an eleven

1	delphia score down to 5 runs. Below we give	Į.
-	the "champion's" record for 1873.	I
	VICTORIES,	1
i	May 5, Princeton vs. Chelsea 12 1	-
1	May 91 Princeton vs Vale	
Ŋ	May 22, Princeton vs. Harvard 3 1	H
	May 24. Princeton vs. Resolute (professional) 6 2	1
	June 7, Princeton vs. Lafayette College 26 11	16
	Sept. 27, Princeton vs. Irvington	1
	Oct. 1, Princeton vs. Chelsen (eleven innings) 15 14	1
	Oct. 16, Princeton vs. Trenton 47 3	1
	Oct. 18, Princeton vs. Yale 18 4	10
	Total 168 52	1
	DEFEATS.	B
	DEFEATS.	
	May 10, Yale vs. Princeton	117
	Oct. 14, Atlantic vs. Princeton	
	Nov. 7, Athletic vs. Princeton 5 0	
	ATOV. 1, MINISTER VIS. 11110000011	1 3
	Total 52 11	. 5
	Glancing over the record of games played by	1
	college olub nines with each other and with	1

Wolf Demon kills only the Shawnee war-riors?" other amateur nines we find the following re-cord of games in which the scores on the winning side did not exceed ten runs:

Princeton vs. Harvard.
Rose Hill vs. Arlington
King Phillip vs. Tufts College.
Yale vs. Princeton
King Phillip vs. Harvard The following is the Harvard club (ex-chamons) record for 1873 as far as we have been ble to obtain scores:

able to obtain scores:

April 28, Harvard vs. Boston (professional).

April 29, Harvard vs. Boston (professional).

April 26, Harvard vs. Boston (professional).

May 10, Harvard vs. Boston (professional).

May 21, Harvard vs. Boston (professional).

May 22, Harvard vs. Princeton

May 24, Harvard vs. Vale

May 28, Harvard vs. Boston (professional).

May 29, Harvard vs. Mutual (professional).

May 31, Harvard vs. Yale (Freshmen)

June 7, Harvard vs. King Phillip

June 7, Harvard vs. King Phillip

June 14, Harvard vs. King Phillip

June 26, Harvard vs. Boston (Freshmen)

July 12, Harvard vs. Boston (Freshmen)

July 17, Harvard vs. Boston (Freshmen)

Nov. 1, Harvard vs. Boston (Freshmen)

The record of the Yale Club (not The record of the Yale Club (not complete) is as follows: April 32, Yale vs. Resolute (professional).

May 10, Yale vs. Princeton.

May 14, Yale vs. Atlantic (professional).

May 17, Yale vs. Riverton

May 21, Yale vs. Riverton

May 24, Yale vs. Harvard

May 28, Yale vs. Matual (professional).

May 31, Yale vs. Harvard

May 31, Yale vs. Harvard (Freshmen.

Oct. 8, Yale vs. Atlantic (professional)

"But why should he hate the warriors that Ke-ne-ha-ha leads?"

"Because when the Wolf Demon was on carth they did him wrong."

The chief started.

"The Wolf Demon has lived, then, a human?"

"Yes."

"Will my father tell how that can be?"

"Yes, listen." The Great Medicine paused for a moment, as if to collect his thoughts, then again he spoke:

"Twelve moons ago a song-bird dwelt in the will age of Chillicothe, by the side of the Scioto. She was as fair as the rosy morn, as gentle as the summer wind, as lithe and graceful as the brown deer. She was called the Red Arrow."

"How many warriors were with Ke-ne-ha-ha were content as the soul of the white hunter at up the little one. The wolf became a wolf with a human tor word the large soul eat up the little one. The wolf became a wolf with a human soul. The soul remembered the wrong that the Shawnee warriors had done its body; it burned for revenge. It made the wolf walk erect like a human; it taught him to carry in his paw the tomahawk of the red-man—to steal upon the Shawnee chiefs in the forest—to give their souls to the dark spirit and to graven on their breasts the totem of the Red Arrow. Thus the soul keeps alive the memory of the squaw that the Shawnee warriors killed."

"How long will the wolf, who has a human soul, be an avenging angel to give to the death the warriors of my tribe?" the chief asked.

"How many warriors were with Ke-ne-ha-ha we should be glad to receive the full records." We should be glad to receive the full records of the Harvard and Yale clubs for 1873, as also those of the other college nines, for publication in the DIME BOOK OF BASE BALL FOR 1874.

THE PROFESSIONAL RECORD FOR 1873. Below we give a carefully prepared table showing the number of games won and lost by each of the professional nines during each month of the season. Also the total games played each season, the total games won, show-ing the total played except in the case of three tie games played in 1873.

Lost Won Lost Won Lost Won Lost Won Lost Athletic... 1 2 7 1 4 4 5 3 2 2 4 6 5 6 28 24
Atlantic... 0 0 3 4 8 7 3 7 4 5 2 8 2 6 17 37
Baltimore... 3 1 8 6 7 3 6 4 4 0 2 2 1 3 7 83 233
Boston... 0 1 4 2 10 3 4 5 2 113 111 3 44 163
Maryland... 0 2 0 1 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 5
Mutnal... 0 0 2 9 3 7 7 1 3 3 7 3 6 14 28 24
Philadel'a... 3 0 8 2 41 1 5 1 2 4 5 5 2 3 3 36 16
Resolnte... 0 1 0 4 1 9 1 5 6 1 0 0 0 0 2 2 0
Washington 2 2 1 4 1 5 0 4 2 3 0 2 5 8 31

Totals... 9 9 33 33 40 40 31 31 19 19 33 35 31 31 196 196

A NEW RULE FOR 1874.

The new rule of ten men and ten innings which it is proposed to adopt for 1874 has been experimented upon years ago, but never so fully as to do justice to the advantages the rule prosents. A game was played in Philadelphia last month to test the play under the new rule, but the contestants fielded too carelessly to show up the improvement in the game the new rule would introduce. The Philadelphia Press, however, speaks thus favorably of it:

however, speaks thus favorably of it:

"This being, it is supposed, the last game of the season, the opportunity was taken advantage of to experiment upon the idea of playing ten men and ten innings. The projector of this novelty in the buse-ball arena has every reason to feel gratified by the successful exhibition of yesterday, both as regards the practical working of the scheme and the unusually large attendance for this period of the year. The result of playing the extra hand as right short stop (between first and second bases) allowed the busenen named a better opportunity to cover their positions at all times, without the risk of losing the chance of making necessary stoppages of their positions at all times, without the risk of losing the chance of making necessary stoppages of hits which would otherwise go to the short right field. More especially will this plan tend to increase the interest in the contests when all the bases are full, it being a well known habit among the players to exert themselves in driving the balt to the right field in such emergencies. It will also reduce batting to a more scientific standard than now, and teach the players to depend upon their skill in the handling of the ash rather than to fortuitous circumstances. The plan meets with general favor, and it is probable that it will be adopted by the professional clubs at a not very distant day.

THE CHAMPIONS FOR 1874.

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A DETERMINED SUICIDER.

BY JOB JOT, JR.

Discarded by Malinda Jones, Poor Muggs was quite undone;
If forty thousand saddest words
Were boiled down into one
It wouldn't by four hundred miles
Express the injury done.

Alas the misery of life
And heartlessness of maids!
This young man wrote per postal-card,
"False one, my happiness fades;
You never will see my face again,
For I shall seek the shades."

He swore in the canal he'd plunge,
Into its depths to sink;
With frenzy rolling in his eye
He pansed upon the brink
And cried, "Farewell to grief and pain,"
And—went and took a drink!

He got possession of a gun
That always shot quite true,
He loaded it with nails and slugs,
And bullets not a few;
He put the muzzle to his head
And—thought it wouldn't do!

For Rat Exterminator then
He to the druggist sped,
And on some bread that deadly stuff
He very thickly spread,
And wildly ate three-quarters of
Another slice of bread!

To show how earnestly intent He was on being slain,
He sought the influence of cast-steel
To get relief from pain;
He drew a dagger keen, and plunged
It in its sheath again.

Beneath the engine's grinding wheels
He swore to end his woes,
And as the train comes thundering up
Oh, horror! see he throws—
All thoughts of suicide aside,
And somewhere else he goes.

The Blind Ford. A TALE OF THE KICKAPOO RAID.

BY LAUNCE POYNTZ.

"Tell ye, Gin'ral, it's the only way ye'll ever ketch them. They don't come over hyar without knowin' pretty well where the sogers are, and ye mout chase them from here to Maine without ketchin' sight of more than a stray huff-track. Ef ye don't lay in wait fur 'em at the crossings, ye mout as well stay in camp and spare yer hoss-flesh."

And old Silas shook his head wisely as he regarded the young officer by his side, whom he addressed as "General," although his shoulder-

straps only bore a colonel's eagle.
Silas Hitchcock was one of the most experienced of all the frontier scouts, and his frequent expeditions through Colorado and the great western regions had given him the sobri-quet of "Mountain Silas." He and the young colonel were sitting side by side on the piazza of the officers' quarters at Fort Clark, Texas, conversing in low tones, while the rapid whirl of feet and the mellow strains of a band within the great dining-hall gave token that a military

Colonel McDonald, brevet major-general, U. S. A., and colonel of the —th cavalry, was the district commander; and had stopped at Fort Clark to visit the post, on a tour of inspection. A ball was arranged by the officers of the post, for that evening, to enliven the tedium of a frontier garrison, and the wives and daughters of overly gardene for many miles round were of every ranchero, for many miles round, were dancing with the gay cavaliers of the post.

The young colonel had taken part in the festivities, but had slipped away early to the piazza, where he was conversing with the veteran scout about the frequent depredations of border Indians.

As old Silas uttered his last piece of advice, two very beautiful girls, of the true Mexican brunette style, one of whom had but a little before been flirting desperately with the handsome colonel, suddenly swept up and took their seats on the inside of the same window, by which the officer sat, on the piazza, in a rocking-chair.

"I don't see what use 'twould be to lie in wait at one crossing," said the young officer, musingly. "The raiders might hear of it, and take another. I see no way to do but-

Here he started violently, as old Silas sudden-pinched his knee, and burst into a loud igh, pointing through the window at an unlucky officer and his partner, who had come to grief together by slipping on the ball-room floor, waxed for the occasion. The old hunter roared with apparent amusement, and uttered a flood of sarcastic remarks in the coarse mountain style of his class, which so shocked the two girls that they hastily withdrew, uttering an indignant:

"Madre de Dios! que palabras!" [Mother of God, what words.]

The young colonel was deeply offended at the liberty, and was about to rebuke the uncultivated mountainman, when Silas whispered: "All right, Gineral; I know'd what I were Least said afore a Greaser gal, soonest Ef ye want to talk, we must go somewhar whar we kin depend on ourselves

You're right, Silas," he said, thoughtfully. "Come to my quarters and consult with me."
And the two strolled away across the parade-

The district commander checked the rebuke

At the full of the moon, while a dense fog hung over the Rio Grande, two men, in citizens' clothes, but fully armed, rode through prairie toward the timber on the north

Seen by daylight, one would have thought them two adventurous hunters, bolder than common, for the ground on which they was accounted very dangerous. Seen at night without any company, it might easily be guessed that something beyond the common must have actuated their movements.

As they entered the screen of woodland that bordered the river, the elder and stouter of the

two whispered "Now, Gineral, this hyar's the place if I hain't greatly mistook. Thar's a ford somewhar hyar, and the Injuns knows it, but I never could track 'em myself any furder than the rocks. Thar's a slantendicklar ridge acrost river hyar, but the current runs like a mill tail on each side. Ef we kin find the place

we're lucky. The voice was that of Mountain Silas, and the burly figure and heavy beard were those of the same individual. His companion was the slender and youthful Colonel McDonald, in plain clothes. By their horses' feet loped si-

lently along a large hound. The two horsemen rode into the cover and dismounted, fastening their horses in the deepest shadow, then both stole off toward the river bank, followed by the faithful dog.

Do you think you can find the ford, Silas?" whispered the commander, as he held back a bough that threatened to make an undue rustle. "Dunno, Gineral; I kin only try," was the cautious reply, as the old mountaineer caught sight of the faint gleam of water through the white fog, lighted up by the moon. "Thar's the stream, anyway.

They stole down, and wandered up and down the banks for some little time, in doubt which ray to go. The dark current rushed swiftly

After some minutes spent in this way, the young officer halted, and spoke, in a low voice:
"I'm afraid you're wrong, Silas; there can't
be any ford with this black water. We couldn't get troops across here."

The scout made no answer. He was plainly

"I'll swow I've tracked 'em acrost hyar," he muttered; "and they couldn't ha' got off any-wheres, except acrost the river. But whar they come in beats me, I swow."

Just at this moment the hound with them ut-

tered a low, suspicious "wuff," and Silas ejacu-

"Some un's a-comin' Gineral. Look to yer Shootin'-irons. Injuns!"

The young officer quietly brought round his rifle, while he patted the neck of the dog and brought him close in, saying:

"Quiet, Gelert, quiet! Indians, sir! Lie Instantly the dog became as still as a statue pressing close against his master, and looking round toward the river.

Presently they heard the regular splashing that told of some parties in the water, and Silas "I knowed it, Gineral; that's the blind ford

I'll swow." Presently the noise resolved itself into the regular tramp and splash of horses coming through the river, but the fog as yet hid every

At last there was a louder splashing than ever, and something dark loomed up in the water, in the midst of the river. It was a horse and Indian rider, in a plunging move-ment, as if the animal was trying to regain its footing, which it had lost in the swift current. "Thar's the ford," whispered Silas, excited-

ly. "I knowed 'twar a ridge o' rock. But, holy Moses, what's that?"

along under black banks at the place where they were; and it was obvious that the ford could not exist there. The fog still hung over the waters, although the full moon above made it as light as day, and the further bank was shown that the ford, or—woe betide you and your methal to the solution of the shown the sho

took her by the wrist, and ted her forward,

"It is enough. You have been to the Kicka poo camp with news of my movements. Nov you shall guide me yourself, or die, with him. And guide him she did, for she feared too much for her own safety. And that was the way that Uncle Sam's boys crossed the Blind Ford, and avenged the Indian raids, by hunting out the Kickapoos on Mexican soil.

Strange Stories.

THE WAXEN IMAGE, A Legend of Nostradamus, the Sorcerer.

BY AGILE PENNE.

A TALL and handsome gentleman was Adrien, Count Le Barth, a Breton, born and bred, loyal to the king and faithful to the traditions that told that a lord of Brittany was always a father to his people. A brave and valiant soldier, he had served under the great Duke of Guise when, by the sudden attack at midnight upon the Risbank fort, Calais had been wrested from

the English power.

The wars were ended now, and the Breton lord had returned to his old stone castle near to the town of Rennes, and there, in his ancestral halls he had been suddenly stricken with a most

strange and wondrous malady.

Stout in limb and strong in sinew, like to his hardy ancestor, who had carried the war-cry of the house of Le Barth. "For Brittany and France!" to the front of many a gory field, the strange, wasting sickness that came upon him strange, wasting in the sequence of the strange of this pain. When I am gone, all there is yours."

"The end will come soon, Victor," the stricken man said, slowly, "how soon I care not, for I am weary of this pain. When I am gone, all there is yours."

"Speak not of that," cried the younger man, quickly; "and despair not; help may come. As he spoke the horseman came steadily on in the midst of the river, his horse hardly store of mineral poisons, digged from the boknee-deep, in the same water which flowed som of the earth, could not reach out and re-promised me a rare cordial, which he has com-

not bloom long in the grim old castle, around The girl turned deadly pale, and tried to equivocate; but the colonel cut her short. He grim spirits of old ocean danced.

Dying in the midst of a fearful storm, when the lightning's flash paled the candle's glare, and the storm winds rocked the eastle gray. from the grass-grown moat to the donjon tower, the gift she left behind, a puny infant son, seemed more like a remembrance of woe than

Ten years the senior, Adrien, like to the cusom of his race, had, when manhood's down began to gather on his chin, joined the ranks of war and proved himself worthy to be the heir of the brave race of Le Barth. But Victor, feeble and ailing, with his mother's strange eyes and stranger ways, cared not for the rough sports common to youths of his age and breed ing; deep engaged in some ancient tome he studied the live-long day, and e'en borrowed a few hours of the night.

Little wonder was it then, when the younger son of the Le Barth line sought Paris to be-

come an advocate.

Many wondered why he had not chosen the church, if his taste tended to lore and study, rather than the lower grade; but others wiser shook their heads and whispered that the wild Saracen blood of the mother still beat within the veins of the son, and could ill-brook the holy rites that told the truths of Mother

And now warrior and student were face to face; the one wrestling in the relentless gripe of the King of Terrors, the other, slender as a willow, and sickly in face, but sinewy strong as steel in his body, fragile as it seemed. "The end will come soon, Victor," the strick-

"Speak not of that," cried the younger man, quickly; "and despair not; help may come. Even now my horse waits in the court-yard to

the stars right. I consulted them anew, and from them learned of the fearful danger that threatened you. A secret foe has made a wax-en figure, each feature perfect to your own; with unhallowed dew has he bathed it, and ong, pointed wires has he thrust into its sides. From those wounds come the pains you feel; and on the stroke of twelve to-night, with magiand on the stroke of twelve to high cal arts, a silver dagger he will thrust to the heart of the image. That stroke seals your heart of the image. That stroke seals your doom, if his charms be more powerful than

mine. We must begin at once; rise up and sit facing the mirror?"

Then around the chair wherein sat the count, a strange, mystic circle, formed of perfumed drugs, Nostradamus drew.

Fast sped the hours away, and many a magic

sign the wizard traced, and many a powerful

rhyme recited. And on the first stroke of the bell that told the hour of twelve, a live coal from the fire Nostradamus applied to the circle, and leaping flames surrounded the count.

The mirror revealed a strange scene; an antique room, and Victor, the advocate, in its center, the waxen image fixed to the wall, and a silver dagger in his hand. On the second stroke of the bell, the advocate raised his arm, and on the third essayed to

stab the image to the heart, but at the moment, Nostrodamus dextrously covered the breast of Adrien with a curiously polished steel mir-Then, in the great glass, the two saw a won-

drous scene; the dagger had shattered and the broken point had sought the guilty heart of the Master Nostradamus had saved the Count Le

Barth. The advocate was never seen again; Adrien

recovered and lived to marry a Breton lady and see an heir to the line of Le Barth.

Beat Time's Notes.

THESE sweet winter mornings about day-

break your wife wakes you up with pounding, and you pleasantly ask "What the thunder's the matter?" and before you have time to go to sleep again you hear her say: "My dear, you must get up and make the fire!" and then you go to sleep serenely. You dream of another earthquake and wake up enough to know your wife is shaking you, and you catch just enough of what she says—which includes something about a fire—to quiet your mind by another nap. You just begin to wander by the brookside with your first love when you wake up at a very sharp dig in the ribs and almost imagine you hear something about " making a fire," not being sure of your ears you go to sleep, when you begin to dream of falling down-stairs and find your wife is shaking you up again, and you ask what it is, and she says, "Get up and make that fire," and you observe "Is that all?" and are not awake any more. You wander through the vaults of the United States Mint, knowing that it all belongs to you, and hear somebody yelling, and you turn around and find it is your wife's voice, with "fire" at the end of it, and you say "Yes, yes, I forgot it," and make a desperate move to jump right up, and go right to sleep again, and only wake up to hear something about a fire, which you imagine you have heard before, and go to sleep on the strength of it, to wake up again to find yourself kicked nearly out of bed. So you go to the stove and see that there is nothing there to make a fire with, and you have an impulse to jump back into bed again, but you go out into another room and get some kindlings, without your overcoat on, of course, throw them into the stove any way, touch a match to them (the fourth one only strikes), and pile into bed with a short prayer of thanks, and, getting warm again, go to sleep, and are brought back from it again to hear your wife say tenderly that your fire has gone out. You smother the least little bit of profanity in the bed-clothes, and, vowing you will make that fire burn if you freeze, you get up, light it again, and shiver over it until it does burn, thinking that the winter would be a nice season if the cold weather was only out of it. I HAVE one of the most wonderful clocks at

my house that you ever saw. My friends have a special invitation to call and see it (after dinner). It not only winds itself up, but it will wind up a poem in the most artistic manner; it will wind up a fuss in quick time; wind up yarn and wind up a well-bucket with the greatest eace. It will look at its watch and tell you the time of day. It will tell you the time to take medicine, or another drink. It tells you what kind of a time you will have at an evening party. It will also add up four columns of figures in two minutes and a half, keeping its own time, carrying the tens to the verge of the extreme. It will wake you up or put you to sleep at any hour you may wish. It will keep your butcher's and your baker's account with great accuracy, and tell you when your quar-ter's rent is due, and how many months thereafter you expect to raise it. It not only keeps the room cool in summer, but it keeps the flies from the table when you are at dinner. ou when to look for bad weather and when to ook for company; but it can't tell you when our company will leave-this is the only fault this clock has. It not only assists the baby in cutting teeth and keeps it quiet, but it catches The character of the clock is far above reproach, and it never took any back pay! Imnediately subsequent to all meals this clock can be seen free of charge.

YES, I would advise all persons to learn to wim. It saved me from drowning once, and I'll never forget it. I was in a skiff above the Niagara Falls last summer, and becoming absorbed in a subject which I thought would be a pretty good joke for the readers of the SATUR-DAY JOURNAL, I found that it wouldn't do at all, and that I was very near the brink of the Yes, I saw I was good for the fall, but without any chance for a spring. It was no use trying to save myself. The current grew swifter, and I might say faster. You can pause a minute and try to imagine my feelings. Every good deed I ever did in my life rose up pefore me-I hadn't time for all the bad ones. The spectators on both shores were greatly excited, and threw their voices out to me, which I could not catch, or I might have saved myself. One moment on the awful verge I paused, and then down I plunged! Oh, think of it! When about half-way down I recollected I had early learned to swim. I gained courage and began to swim with the desperation of a man for whom they would sit a chair at the table when evening's home pleasures were nigh and miss the regular absence of a good deal of beefsteak found that my descent was checked. I brought renewed exertions to bear, and, although the current was a strong one against I gradually began to gain on it. It was a terrible swim, but, with arms going as fast as a musketoe's wing, I slowly approached the top. and just as I reached it my strength gave way "A week ago I knew not whether you lived and down I plunged into the seething abysis



their feet. It was a singular sight, and rendered more so by the fact that the horse carried a double burden, and that the figure on the croup was a woman. In a moment more, a second horse, similarly loaded, followed; and the two passed slowly by the watchers, looming like ghosts in the uncertain light of the moon through the white fog.

Neither said a word, till the silent apparitions had passed from left to right, and then both, as if by a common impulse, stole off to the right, and followed the course of the phantom horsemen. They saw them slant across the river, and come to the bank, a long way bove, and just as they arrived there, Silas eveled his rifle, took a hasty aim and fired. It was at the moment the first horse stood on dry

The effect of the shot was immediate and wonderful. Both figures disappeared, as if the river had swallowed them up, and when the hunter and the officer reached the spot, they were swept by the current far below. In vain they searched. All that they found was a black lace mantilla, such as is worn by Mexican senoritas; and with this trophy the young General rode back to the fort, very thoughtful. Mountain Silas was, on the contrary, jubilant.

"To horse!" blew the trumpets of the -th cavalry, a few hours later; and toward dawn as the long lines of warriors stood by their horses' heads, Colonel McDonald looked heads, Colonel McDonald from the window of the officers' quarters or the array, and his brow was dark and troubled In his hand was clutched the torn lace mantilla, picked up at the river-bank, which he had recognized in a moment. It had covered the white shoulders of Dona Pepita de Lunas, who, with her sister Carlotta, had attended the ball, the evening before. The General had more than half fallen in love with her; and now, to find her in league with ruffian border Indians, was too much for him. He had ascertained that both girls had returned to their fa ther's ranch, some hours after his own arrival at the fort. His men were even then bringing them in, below. In a moment more, Pepita the queenly, stood before him, proudly interro gating him with her dark eyes.

When they were alone, the young officer quietly held up the torn mantilla.
"Senorita," he said, "you know this.

twenty feet in perpendicular depth, close to move the rooted malady that lurked in the blood and bones of the stalwart count. Neither could the wise dames, who cured all mor-tal illnesses by means of simples culled "i' the noon's eclipse" do aught to ease the pain of the Breton lord.

Slowly, day by day, he wasted away, the deadly sickness eating even to the marrow of his bones. The learned doctors, skillful leeches all

talked vaguely of poisons, administered by slow degrees, that killed not in a minute, nor in an hour, but in a month and a year.

Boldly to the count they told their suspicions, and he, while replying that he knew not a soul in the world who could wish to do him scath and harm, still took ample precautions. Neither bite nor sup did he take without the walls of his castle; and even there, although the domestics had grown gray in his service, a trusty knave tasted every dish and supped the wine sent to his lord's table.

Vain precautions: the count grew worse day y day. And then old gossips talked; strange tales they told of spells and charms brought from the Holy Land, by the pilgrims who had ventured there in days of yore, when the Cross and Crescent had met in battle's stern array. Some unholy spell had sure been laid upor the Lord of Le Barth, and naught but the

Church's might could work a cure. And then the gray monks had come from St rancis' holy shrine; in solemn prayer had hey knelt, and the pealing chant and perfumed ncense had risen on the air within the old

But the efforts of monk and leech alike were vain; worse and worse grew the stout lord of Le Barth. The red rays of the dving sun shone in through

the oriel window, and played upon the oaken floor, close to the couch whereon reposed the ailing man. Though clad in winter garments, he shivered at the touch of the balmy spring

By the side of the couch stood the next of kin to the stricken lord, a half-brother, Victor by name. No true descendant was he of the stout lords of the old Breton line, for he was short and slender, with the almond eyes of the East and the swarthy skin of the Moor, who eld sovereign sway over our Savior's tomb

Two wives had Le Barth the father wedded:

pounded after much study, and he is sure that it will aid thee. By morning I will return."

The advocate quitted the chamber, and the ailing lord was left to his own sad thoughts. Ere many minutes his eyes half-shut, as a

reamy doze came over him.

Suddenly he felt the light pressure of a hand upon his shoulder, and unclosing his eyes in as tonishment, he looked upon a stranger. A little pale-faced man, clad in inky robes his hair cut short and his face smoothly shaven Good-day, my lord," said the stranger, in

soft and measured tones; "you are sadly ill."
"Indeed I am," replied Adrien, with his usual
Breton frankness; "but, pardon the question, who are you? Your face is familiar, but-" "You do not remember me," said the stranger, finishing the sentence. "Let me recall a ircumstance to your mind. This night, twenty-two years ago, three young officers, attached to the body-guard of Francis I., as the end of a

the Rue Rivoli, there to learn what the future and in store for them.' 'I know you now !" cried the count, suddenyou are Master Nostradamus, the Sor-

The little man shook his head reproachfully.

No, no sorcerer," he said, "simply one who

night of pleasure sought a certain dwelling in

in the stars reads the decrees of fate. "And reads them truthfully, too!" exclaimed Adrien. "I remember now; de Savigny was slain by a lance-thrust at Pavia, and St. George was thrown from his horse and killed while hunting in the wood of Fontainbleau, just as

"And your fate?"
"Strange! I can not remember that, except that a fatal danger was to threaten me before my forty-second birthday, and there, Master Nostradamus, you will be in error, for if I live hear the midnight bell chime the hour, that time will be past."

Your birth minute comes on the last stroke of the twelve, and had I not hastened hither from Parls, that minute would have been your " said Nostradamus, solemnly. under a powerful spell; one fetched from the ealms below by the magic of the East, and For three months a famed for mortal harm. "Yes, every now and then a sudden pain

racked me even to the marrow of my bones one a Breton maid, with yellow hair and great or no; but examining my parchments by and was never heard of more!